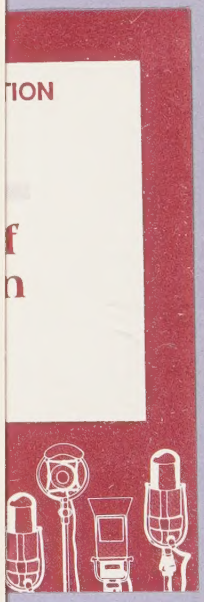
PARIS IS A WOMAN'S TOWN

HELEN JOSEPHY
AND
MARY MARGARET McBRIDE

$3.00

Paris is every woman's dream city, but once she gets there, the average woman on her first trip is abashed and even frightened by the unfamiliar language and scenes about her. In this book the authors have made an effort to tell the woman going to Paris the best and most convenient way to find a place to live, to shop for clothes and gifts, to have a good time, and even to increase her store of knowledge if she be so disposed in such a gay city. Here you will also learn where the leading movie actresses and stage favorites shop and why; where society wines and dines; how to get a job if you go there to work; and last but not least, how to enjoy Paris night life if you find yourself there alone and unescorted. The addresses and references given have been carefully checked and rechecked so that they are of real value.

Both Miss Josephy and Miss McBride are well-known newspaper women, and have been feature writers for newspapers and magazines both here and abroad. Miss McBride is also the author of two books—JAZZ and CHARM.



THOUSAND OAKS LIBRARY
3 2052 00138 1170
Broadcasting
070.190922
J83

Paris is a Woman's Town

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/parisiswomanstow0000unse

PARIS
Is a Woman's Town

By

Helen Josephy and Mary Margaret McBride

"Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair."
From Henry van Dyke's "America For Me."

Published in New York by
Coward-McCann, Inc.
In the Year 1929

Copyright, 1929, by
Helen Josephy
and
Mary Margaret McBride

All rights reserved

Printed in the U. S. A.

Introduction

WHEN we first went to Paris, we were fresh from the Middle West and believed that you had to be formally introduced to all French shop keepers before they would permit you to buy from them.

We thought the city was full of apaches doing rough dances everywhere and lying in wait to rap over the head any unwary woman who ventured out alone, even in broad daylight.

It would have been impossible for us to have believed then that a nice woman could, with perfect propriety, accept the invitation of a strange man to dance, much less pay him for asking her.

We know better now and are attempting to pass the fruits of our experience on to other women who may be a little apprehensive about that long-planned first visit to the French capital. We have lived, learned, earned, feasted and even fasted in Paris and are much the richer for it all.

Introduction

Our wish is that our readers may be the same after we have shown them our Paris—and that they may see it first, as we did, on a spring day when the sun is shining, the air electric with promise of adventure and the horse chestnuts along the Champs Elysées in full blossom.

The authors gratefully acknowledge their debt to Camille Haynes Paul for her knowledge of society personages, and to *George Rector's Cookbook* for the recipes quoted.

Table of Contents

I. If You Go to Paris to Shop

		PAGE
1.	ENTER AMERICA	3
2.	DRESSMAKERS' PARADE	12
3.	SHOPPERS ALL	26
4.	AND NOW TO BUSINESS	39
5.	ADVENTURES IN BARGAINS	48
6.	HINTS FOR THOSE IN A DESPERATE HURRY	64
7.	THAT GIFT FOR GRANDMA	77

II. If You Go to Paris to Live

1.	WHERE ARE YOU STOPPING?	97
2.	CASTLES IN PARIS	112
3.	THREE ROOMS AND BATH	123
4.	AT HOME ABROAD	135
5.	THE HUMAN ELEMENT	150
6.	SOMETIME YOU'LL BE HOMESICK	162
7.	DO YOU WANT A JOB?	178

III. If You Go to Paris for an Education

1.	PARLEZ VOUS FRANÇAIS?	195
2.	MISCELLANEOUS CULTURE	209
3.	MORE OF THE SAME	217

IV. If You Go to Paris to Have a Good Time

1.	A PARIS DAY—UP TO 4:00 P.M.	231
2.	FROM 4:00 P.M. TO DAWN	243
3.	FOOD AND DRINK	258
4.	SEATS IN THE GRANDSTAND	271
5.	WE DO OUR DUTY	284

Part One

If You go to Paris to Shop

Enter America

SIXTY years ago, a certain New York society woman set out for Paris to get her favorite Indian shawl draped by Worth.

A war was on when she landed, the gates of Paris were closed, and Worth was off somewhere fighting. Undaunted, however, by shot and shell, this intrepid female wandered over Europe until she located the great dressmaker, dragged him away from his guns and straight to the nearest full-length mirror, where he draped the shawl to her satisfaction. Then she sailed triumphantly home to exhibit the effect to the neighbors.

From that time on, whenever an American woman got a little money ahead, she dashed over to Paris to spend it for chic.

And so, today, the lure of that lovely creature whose name appears on the lists of the world's smartest or most beautiful women is almost certain to wear a Paris label.

A mere man may find this fact impossible to reconcile with the tragic tales of shopping difficulties told by returned wives and sisters, but all women will understand that the difficulties only enhance the value of the ultimate reward. Paris shoppers relish their tribulations, especially in retrospect during the long winter evenings back home.

"I suppose it does look fairly well," modestly concedes the hostess at a dinner party, "but when I think what I went through to get it, I wonder if I wouldn't have done better right here at home down at Gordon Brown's."

From then on male dinner partners get a chance to devote themselves to their food for they are completely out of this.

"Of course you had trouble with your velvet, but what about my rep?" demands the red-gold blonde.

"Exactly like the model, even Bob said so, but all the same, my dear, I couldn't sit down in it!"

The brunette on the end breaks in with:

"I was sure Madame said only 2000 francs, so do you blame me for having hysterics when I found the hotel clerk had paid out 2300 on the C.O.D.!!"

And so on and on and on.

Far be it from us to ignore the obstacles that beset the path of one who would outfit her wardrobe successfully in Paris. You will undoubtedly need to use all your courage, enthusiasm, good taste and good humor before you have gone far along the way. But if you possess a stock of these, and a moderate sum to spend, you can achieve remarkable results.

The first great obstacle of which you will hear is the difficulty of getting into the more famous dressmaking houses. This is for the most part merely a legend gleefully encouraged by thrifty dressmakers with the idea of humbling, impressing and loosening purse strings in advance.

Once you make up your mind where you want to go, you can find a way to get there. The difficulty then will be to get away. For that reason, it is best to choose deliberately.

If you are registered at one of the smart hotels, the Crillon or Ritz, for instance, you won't need any introduction at all for many houses. Your choice of French residence is supposed to be a guarantee of your credit, if not of your taste, and your mail box each morning will be filled with ardent invitations to call and inspect collections.

However, a few houses deplore this form of ad-

vertising. Most of these can be soothed by the special card, which can be had from your travel bureau, the information desk at your bank or the Paris headquarters of almost any American fashion magazine and will prove an open sesame everywhere except in half a dozen places where you will be frigidly snubbed at first anyway, no matter what your credentials.

The ideal introduction for these most inaccessible establishments, of course, is from a regular customer to her *vendeuse*—*vendeuse* being the French name for saleswoman. Or better still, a regular of the house may take you past the sacred gates in person. This latter is your only chance to be welcomed cordially, given one of the best seats and waited upon deferentially by the entire select establishment.

If the agency card fails and you do not know a patron of the house, your best bet is a good professional shopper, with entrée everywhere, recommended preferably by your bank. Of the useful shopper, more anon.

Incidentally, and lest you get an inferiority complex that would seriously cripple both your power to choose wisely and your bargaining ability, let us assure you that, while the clothes you buy are

made in Paris, a good deal of the inspiration for them comes from this side of the big pond.

We were speaking not long ago to Dorothy Shaver, who is director of fashion and decoration in a large New York department store, and is considered one of the most important merchandising women in America. Miss Shaver declares that American buyers and fashion magazines help to control French fashion, assisted by our shirty little flappers and sub-debs who wear what they please without bothering about what others think of them or whether they are what the French *couture* call chic or not. Miss Shaver instances the craze for costume jewelry which she asserts really began in this country and has been continued by young America's fondness for it.

The smart French woman is content to rely for accessories upon her pearls and a good-looking hand bag. But the American young woman is a faddist who loves to festoon herself with beads and bangles to match her frock. American manufacturers began to cater to this fashion, then Paris dressmakers followed with their own ideas.

Again, the fashion in small off-the-forehead turbans was inspired by the American girl's habit of wearing her hats teed up on top of her curly bob

so that her forehead would show. The French laughed at this absurdity for several seasons, then Reboux and Agnès began designing turbans that hid one eye and revealed the other, ending by showing an expanse of forehead curving high over one eyebrow.

The mode for short, loose coats, not only for sports and tailored wear, but for evening, is an outgrowth of the pajama coat; and pajamas for women are as American as flannel cakes. Young matrons wear pajama suits instead of tea gowns at their cocktail parties and on the beaches of Europe and America. This has fostered a fad based on the comfort derived from such loose jackets.

The *robe de style* also retains its popularity because of the American trade.

Another factor in the Paris fashion bourse is the fashion expert. Several men and women representing American shops and magazines have much to say about which styles shall survive in the French houses. Main Bocher, Paris editor of *Vogue*, has tremendous influence.

It is a curious fact that the Paris dressmaker-genius has little or no discrimination. All his models seem equally stunning to him once they have been dragged from the well of his subconscious.

The good stylist, with a sixth sense for what is smart and what is not, weeds out of each collection the models that will not do, leaving those that ought to live. It is a true international service.

Among the minor elements that influence style must be included the individual whim of dressmaker or designer. Thus, Agnès makes fashionable many millinery modes which she originally designs for herself or at least on herself, inspired by what she herself likes to wear. And the present skirts that trail long in the back are said to have been started by Chanel because she was sick of seeing women's calves on the dance floor. She designed a dress with two little trailing tails in the back which just covered this ugly part of a woman's leg and the tails grew and spread.

The bouffante, bustle back—long tails trailing from cleverly contrived back-drapery which became very *chic*—was designed long ago by Louiseboulanger for Spinnelly.

About two and a half months before a big collection is due to appear, the dressmaker inspects the new lines of silk, wool and embroidery sent in by manufacturers. Often a house will buy out an entire piece of material or even order a special design made up for its own use. Some, like Goupy,

have woolen mills to manufacture special weaves. A few *couturiers* even have special buttons made and copyrighted.

Worth, for instance, has an exclusive line of gorgeous lamés and brocades which are kept in a special stock room just off the main show rooms. These have been bought outright and will not be duplicated anywhere else.

Some weaves, on the other hand, are chosen by practically all the houses. We have known a girl to order a spring coat in beige wool from Chanel and a dress to go with it off of the same piece from Worth.

Each dressmaker has a different way of preparing his collection. Some heads of houses, Molyneux, for one, create their own sketches for the *premières* and fitters to work from or else themselves drape the material on the mannequins. Others buy sketches from outside artists at a small price and then adapt them or take some few details as a starting point for their own designs. Still others have designers who practically make the collection entire.

The final editing is the most important single step in the creation of a collection. No matter how inspired a designer may be, if he or she has

not the ability to edit, to discard useless trimming, to know when to stress certain points, the house will fail to present a well-balanced, wearable collection.

Patou is an example of the dressmaker who edits most carefully. Madame Lanvin gives her ideas to a studio of artists who work them into sketches. Then she corrects the sketches and adds further suggestions. Finally expert dressmakers carry out the drawings.

For six weeks before a collection is launched, an air of mystery pervades the premises. Nevertheless, on the day of showing, certain tendencies, certain ideas in ornament, even color combinations, are found to prevail in all the houses. Everybody pretends to be amazed by the similarities, in view of pre-collection secrecy, but it is not such a mystery after all. There are not more than half a dozen real originators among the dressmakers. The others more or less imitate the ideas of these geniuses, modifying their last collections' best points—and sometimes, it is whispered, getting a pretty good line on the new collection by some means known only to themselves!

Dressmakers' Parade

IT doesn't necessarily follow that you will be transformed by the Maison Rouge just because Cousin Jacintha looked like the answer to a young man's prayer in the black and white velvet purchased there. You may be an altogether different type, and it is well-known that the big Paris houses get the happiest results when they dress their own type of client.

If a woman wants to catch a husband she goes to Chanel who knows exactly what men like. Chanel models have IT, doubtless because Chanel herself has plenty of the same. One season the beautiful *couturière* is reported engaged to Grand Duke Dmitri, the next to the Duke of Westminster and wherever she goes in Europe—always at the fashionable season—she creates a sensation.

Chanel introduced the chemise dress and clings loyally to the straight silhouette but invents new colors, novel trimmings and intricate cuts that make despairing copyists and manufacturers wish

they were dead or out of business. Chanel clothes have universal appeal—that is, they are as likely to be the rage in Indo-China as in Hackensack. They stay in style, too, and look chic as long as the material lasts. The Embassy set and such notables as Lady Henriette Davis and the Marquise de Paris favor Chanel.

Tall stately women of noble bearing are Vionnet's inspiration. A great artist, she builds her creations, with their flowing draperies and flying scarfs, on sound architectural theories of line and proportion, boldly declaring that a dressmaker must be a geometrician in order to adapt materials to the human form.

Stylists and exclusive importers to whom Vionnet is a kind of religion reverently refer to her taste as classic. Her dressy coats and formal evening gowns seem designed for Greek goddesses who have abandoned the pagan robes of Olympus for modernism. The Greek and the ultra-modern spirit are fused even in the décor of the grey salon with its frosted studio windows and glass ceiling. Here society personages and such stage favorites as Cécile Sorel are to be seen at almost any afternoon collection between the American buying seasons.

Spend your traveller's checks at Jenny's if you

have always dreamed of Paris clothes that look a little dangerous. As feminine as heavy perfume or lace handkerchiefs, Jenny models are particularly well-suited to the taste of dashing young matrons, Nordic or Latin. That most seductive color combination, black and pink, was a Jenny idea which other houses promptly borrowed.

Jenny, whose last name is Sacerdote, was educated in French universities for the scholastic life and turned from the career of professor of French literature to that of designer. Her talents have been rewarded by the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Socially she is a great favorite and owns a villa near Nice as well as a fourteenth-century château at Perigord, one of the show places of France.

Some of Jenny's clients are Princess Alexander of Greece, the Queen of Egypt, S. E. Ghazi Mustapha Kemel Pasha, Lady Abdy, the Duchess of Norfolk, Adele Astaire, Helen Menken and Mrs. Edge, wife of Senator Edge.

Worth can turn you from whatever you are into an aristocratic woman of the world. It's practically impossible to look less than regal when wearing one of the more elaborate evening costumes from this house and why wouldn't you, when for

more than fifty years Worth has designed clothes for Continental queens and their courts? Even as far back as the Second Empire, Empress Eugénie, the best-dressed woman of her time, commanded her crinolines from Charles F. Worth, English founder of the house, who was also a great friend of the urbane King Edward.

Jean Charles and Jacques Worth, the present owners, now carry on the tradition of making clothes in the grand manner for what is left of Europe's royalty and nobility. Queen Marie of Roumania purchased some of her clothes there for her American tour. The Queen of Afghanistan is another client. Others are: Princess Antoine Bibesco, the Countess of Oxford (Margot Asquith), the Comtesse de Jumilhac, an American, the Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston and Madame Claudel, wife of the French ambassador at Washington.

A more dashing type of Worth costume is supported by the pay envelopes of June, the English musical comedy actress who married a lord, Marjorie Moss, Dora Duby, an American dancer from Spokane, Washington, who is the toast of Paris, Berlin and Viennese music halls, and other actresses. Worth wedding gowns are well spoken of, too.

Jeanne Lanvin builds on that school-girl complexion and achieves a dewy, just-hatched effect for her client. Her clothes are first-aid to youth. Many American *jeunes filles* superstitiously believe that critical stag lines at college proms and débutante balls actually are unable to withstand the quaint allure of a Lanvin period gown. To give their bouffant skirts and demure bodices variety, Madame Jeanne continually journeys for inspiration to the art museums of Italy and Spain, as well as to the ancient *châteaux* and cathedrals of her own country, adapting alike to the mode of the moment the bow-knots that festooned the court gown of a gallant old king's favorite, and the rich embroideries of an obscure monastery.

Lately there has been a rumor that modern art will influence Lanvin to forsake the period frock, but she continues to dress such romantic types as Mary Pickford, Raquel Meller and Yvonne Printemps, darling of the French legitimate theatre, so probably the report is exaggerated.

Lanvin, who was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor for her couture section at the Decorative Arts Exposition, began as a milliner forty years ago. After hours she designed clothes for her little girl, now married into the French nobility, then

became a children's dressmaker and finally what you see her now. Her latest ventures are interior decorating on a grand scale and a men's tailoring department across the street from her main establishment. O. O. McIntyre, New York's most sartorially correct journalist, and his wife are both dressed by her—a very convenient family arrangement.

Women who dare to wear clothes that are strikingly individual and about three seasons ahead of the style trend naturally gravitate toward Louiseboulanger. A great artist and personality, this dressmaker learned her trade as an apprentice in a Paris work room at the age of thirteen and has had the courage to follow her own ideas and the God-given lines of Spinelly's figure (Spinelly is a famous French *comédienne*). The two are responsible for the movement away from the straight chemise dress toward bustle-draperies and curves.

Like all persons of exuberant imagination Louiseboulanger sometimes creates remarkable flops. On the other hand, what looks exaggerated in her current collection is likely to be a New York sensation during some future season.

Bright modern color contrasts and combinations of marvelous materials are other characteristics of

this house which is patronized by Mrs. Michael Arlen; Madame Agnès, Parisian modiste and one of the best-dressed women in Europe; Mrs. Cole Porter, society leader and wife of the song writer; and Mrs. Wellington Koo, wife of the Chinese ex-ambassador to England.

Paquin and Chéruit also dress sophisticated personalities. Madame Wormser, the *directrice* at Chéruit's, is never afraid to do brilliantly original things to the silhouette. Those little spangled dinner jackets were her idea. She has a special gift for making dance frocks that look like nothing much in the hand but give a wearer the airy grace of a première ballerina as soon as their flounces are set in motion. Chéruit's products are unequal in value, and as at Louiseboulanger's, sound judgment and a knowledge of clothes are necessary for successful selection.

Paquin coats are inferior to none, those for both afternoon and evening embodying enough potential chic to make the average woman look like a personage—even to her husband. Madame Paquin, in her time, was the dictator of the Parisian *couture* aristocracy, and the present management continues refreshingly indifferent to what press or *canaille* think of their version of style.

Among color innovators must be mentioned the Callot Sisters. Then there are the Three Musketeers—Lelong, Patou and Molyneux—who specialize in wearable and uneccentric clothes for Americans and Britishers. These three World War heroes returned from various fronts after the Armistice with as many wounds, citations and military crosses as a Paris gown has stitches.

Captain Molyneux has built up a reputation for impeccably smart and practical sports and evening clothes. The Captain gets about in society, sees what type of dress is needed for the active life of the time, then designs it. And so little does he allow his Irish impulsiveness to run amuck that he creates collection after collection with hardly a dud. This artistic self-restraint was probably learned at twenty when he was chief assistant to Lady Duff-Gordon, who killed her business with an overdose of self-expression.

Among well-known regulars at the house of Molyneux are: Gertrude Lawrence, Elsie de Wolf (Lady Mendl), Elsie Ferguson, Frances Alda, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Rose Vanderbilt, Marie Doro and Mary Garden.

Patou is the handsomest *couturier* in Paris. He has a flair for youth. Working on the pleasant

assumption that no woman need look more than thirty if her dressmaker knows his business, he constructs models to captivate American girls and older women lucky enough to have slim figures.

Patou was one of the first Paris dressmakers to show sports clothes as something apart from the rest of a collection. In his "Sports Corner" will be found everything from backless bathing suits for the Lido to the proper trousers for climbing an Alp. His five beautiful American mannequins bring the homelike atmosphere of a Westchester country club to the upper salons and besides show just how admirably these models will suit American youth. The Dolly Sisters and Ruth Elder are among the many celebrities who wear Patou originals.

Lelong clothes suggest plenty of well-bred, well-spent leisure. With the exception of some dazzling evening costumes, obviously for the prima donna trade, there is nothing showy about the typical model of this house. It usually depends for its effect on close color harmonies and intricate cuts, and the afternoon ensemble is especially excellent in that elaborately simple way that women appreciate. Flowing movement is the Lelong characteristic which makes the house popular with

dancers such as Mary Hay and Claire Luce. Grace Moore of the Metropolitan and Beatrice Lillie (Lady Peel) buy some of their clothes here, too, although the bulk of Lelong's customers are well-dressed, conservative American women.

Several years ago, the high-shouldered, dignified young Lelong provided the Paris kingdom of dress with a real romance. He married Princess Nathalie Paley, daughter of the Grand Duke Paul—took her right out of his own perfume department, where she was clerking to recoup the family fortunes. The couple spent a profitable honeymoon in the United States, where Lelong made personal contacts with more than one thousand commercial accounts and the princess promoted the idea of make-up and perfumes to match one's clothes and the season.

Paul Poiret and J. Suzanne Talbot are the delight of the exotic woman. To the American who follows Paris fashions in the newspaper the Poiret whiskers are only a little less familiar than the Smith Brothers', and the Poiret diatribes against American taste as well-known as Beatrice Fairfax's advice to the love-lorn. Color and bizarre cut are his forte.

Women with Egypt in their dreamy eyes are the

ultimate J. Suzanne Talbot consumers. Noted for her archæological knowledge of "dress throughout the ages," Madame Talbot offers picturesque novelty. Her hats, too, are favored by many striking beauties.

Napoleon—the emperor who believed that woman's place was in the home—looks down from the Vendôme Column on a group of dressmakers famous the world over. At Martial et Armand's, plump dynamic Madame Marie Vallet designs clothes of such slenderizing lines that all the German buyers flock to her with orders. She dresses many of the younger French actresses, too.

Slim, elegant Madame Charlotte with beautiful prematurely white hair creates trim, discreetly elegant frocks at Premet's.

Doeuillet-Doucet—a recent amalgamation of two honorable old houses—has an important following among French and British aristocrats with a taste for chiffon evening dresses of reserved feminine charm and there is always a high percentage of good sports and street models at Drecoll-Beer's on the other side of the square.

The woman who likes her tailored suits correct but not too severe can find a wealth of models at

O'Rossen's and the complete Paris trousseau always includes at least one O'Rossen riding habit.

For distinctive yet sensible sports clothes it is hard to beat Jane Régny, who is a sportswoman and sports editor of the *Annuaire des Golfs*. Among the well-known women who wear her models are Mrs. Jay Gould, Mrs. Vincent Astor, Baronne James de Rothschild, Lady Cunard—and Jane herself.

Madame Schiaparelli, an Italian who began her career making sweaters in her apartment, creates distinctive clothes *pour le sport*.

Goupy, a house which has made embroidered lingerie and blouses for a hundred years, turns out charming tweed suits and youthful two-piece crêpe de Chines.

Amy Linker will please you in coats and sports clothes if your taste is conservative.

If you prefer a Russian dressmaker, you may choose one of these: Paul Caret, from whom Queen Marie bought some dresses; Mary Nowitzy, who started the lounging pajama craze, and D'Arnart, a house established by Prince Darbeloff, where evening coats and dresses are richly embroidered.

Nicole Groult and Maggy Rouff advocate mod-

ernism, while Germaine Lecomte emphasizes the wearable type of clothes. Augustabernard is another favorite of the ultra-chic.

In hats, too, you are offered a bewildering assortment. Also, everything that can be said about the anguish of having clothes fitted goes double for millinery because creation goes on right on your head.

The proper procedure includes taking a sample of your costume to the milliner, choosing a model, having the material and trimmings dyed to match (which sometimes takes ten days) and then the hat cut and made on the head. Every experienced shopper has a favorite fitter for hats at Reboux's or Agnès' and at either place in season you will find women waiting in line until their chosen fitter is free.

All the important Paris milliners have models for buyers which are often much more extreme than those they sell their private trade so don't be lured into choosing a hat that deviates much from the norm unless you have actually seen it on some smart woman whose judgment you value. It is possible to go most horribly wrong on an outlandish experiment. Reboux, Agnès—said to be the most dangerous woman in a fashion sense in Paris

because she can wear extreme things so beautifully that people who can't, always try to copy her—Talbot, Rose Descat, Marie Guy and Gaby Mono are a few of the first-rate hat makers.

Shoppers All

MANY women who shop regularly in Paris buy 500,000 francs' worth of clothes, or more, at a time. Others prefer to buy a few things every little while in order to prolong the exquisite agony. Perhaps you'd like to know a little about the shopping methods of famous women before you formulate your own.

Gloria Swanson designs many of her own gowns and has them made at the smaller houses.

Mary Pickford, who is smaller than the average woman, has worked out an involved mathematical method for scaling down belts and shoulder straps until they fit. She takes a thermos bottle of warm milk and her own dressing gown along when she sets forth for a day of trying on.

Mary Garden is addicted to shopping orgies. In a single morning, she has been known to buy five or six pink-silk embroidered sheets costing $1000 apiece, or perhaps ten bottles of precious perfume.

One of the most extravagant and efficient shop-

pers who ever came to Paris was Bea Kirnan, the head woman steer lassoer with an American rodeo. She ran particularly to pink silk underwear and went through the shops like a Texas tornado, leaving behind dazed and gasping saleswomen.

Cécile Sorel, the famous French actress, spends part of nearly every weekday afternoon in rapt conference with designers at Vionnet's, where models are especially made for her.

Helena Rubinstein, beauty specialist, who helped to back Poiret when he went into business, buys at one time clothes enough for two years in order to free her mind for more important matters the rest of the time.

Dolores, now Mrs. Tudor Wilkinson, who used to be in the Follies and was one of the original Lucile mannequins, married rich but is so handy with the needle that she buys materials at the Galeries Lafayette by the yard and makes it up into dresses for herself.

Constance and Norma Talmadge believe in shopping around and get their clothes at many different places. As soon as hers come home, Constance rips everything to pieces and readjusts bows and buttons nearer to her heart's desire.

Gertrude Lawrence goes to Molyneux because

her taste in clothes agrees with his. He believes in either sports or evening clothes for most of the time. So does she. She likes to take an original frock and change it here or there to suit her individual taste, thus eliminating the possibility of seeing it everywhere. He encourages her in this. She prefers chiffons and pliable materials, such as very soft jerseys and tweeds, rather than stiff taffetas and wools which look rigid. Molyneux agrees. Miss Lawrence has no stage wardrobe separate from her personal one. In that respect she differs from most French actresses who dress one way for the *scene* and another for the street. She wears black, all browns, red, and sapphire-blue.

Dolores Del Rio obtains her effects by having built on herself the exotic costumes which her pronounced individuality makes it possible for her to wear. Her heels measure the same height as those of Louis XIV and when she goes shopping for hats at J. Suzanne Talbot's, takes along sketches that have been submitted in advance. When her dresses are not black they are in vivid greens or red and with each dress she wears jewels to match, considering them as important accessories as if they were sewed to the dress.

Because of her Lilliputian proportions, Anita

Loos, pint-sized author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," has to have everything made to order, including shoes, stockings and gloves. When Yvonne Davidson, wife of the American sculptor, Jo Davidson, went out of business in Paris, Miss Loos who had been dressed by this house for six years followed the staff to Juliette Courtisien's. Lorelei's creator always wears one color during an entire season which simplifies the matching of hats, coats and accessories.

Mary MacKinnon, whose portraits of society and stage celebrities are as well-known as her fashion drawings, has a unique system for buying hats. When all her clothes are ordered, she pins samples of all her costumes to a piece of paper and goes the millinery rounds. Reboux, Agnès and the other better-known milliners, she discovered, know down to the last belt buckle all the dress models at the important houses and can advise what hat should accompany each.

Some women do a good deal of their Paris shopping by proxy—which in many cases means Frances Clyne, New York importer and dressmaker. Miss Clyne buys for a list whose highlights are: Ina Claire, whom Count Luza de Luza named as one of the seven best dressed women in America; Ethel

Barrymore, Katharine Cornell, Lillian Gish, Fay Bainter and Lucrezia Bori.

Ina Claire uses the same scientific intelligence in choosing a wardrobe that Toscanini applies to the science of music, says Miss Clyne. She never selects colors that are stronger than her own coloring (she is a golden blonde) and never concentrates on one house. Recently she left for Hollywood with trunks of clothes from Chanel, Louiseboulanger, Augustabernard and other Paris houses plus thirty sets of jewelry and accessories which Miss Clyne had picked up for her in Paris. Miss Claire doesn't worry if the dresses she buys later become "Fords," that is, best sellers, for they never look the same on her as on any other woman.

The wise shopper, in Paris, or anywhere else, shops alone. But if you feel that you simply must have somebody to bolster up your courage and taste when visiting your dressmaking house, choose just one tactful, preferably reticent woman friend to accompany you.

Don't, above everything, take along your husband or any other man. This is important.

A husband will expect too much from you in the finished costume if he sees it first on the mannequin. And you certainly don't want an admirer

listening in when you go to drive a bargain. Anyway, a man is distracting and buying clothes requires an undivided mind.

Prudently decide before you start to order nothing the first day. And stick to your resolution, though the first collection probably will so dazzle you that you will want to buy every gown in it. The *vendeuse,* too, will make it difficult for you to get away without ordering, especially after you have tried things on, but you must be pleasantly firm. We have known women who bought what they didn't want because of the *vendeuse's* expression. Don't get that guilty feeling. It is essential that you visit several houses and make careful comparison of prices before you buy anything. And even then, don't try to get all at one place. On the other hand, don't look too long, or you will end in a maze of bewilderment.

Constance Talmadge compares choosing clothes in Paris to buying a puppy. You go into the dog store confident that you want one Irish terrier, but when you face the eyes of a dozen little creatures, looking beautiful and beseeching, you are tempted to order them all sent home. So it is with the ravishing combinations of satin, chiffon and lace. You may think at the door that you know what

you want, but once inside, you want everything you see. It's best to make out a list of what you actually need and will be likely to wear for seasons to come—and then to visualize your outfit as a unit, choosing colors that will harmonize one with the other, picking materials that will go together and motifs that you can carry on.

But even lists do not always avail. Norma Talmadge makes a careful list, keeps to it for two days, then throws it away in despair and buys madly, wildly, the rest of the time!

Collections are usually shown at half-past ten or eleven in the morning and at three in the afternoon. Arrive early enough to stake out a chair near the door through which the mannequins will enter or as close to the stage as possible if the showroom is arranged like a theatre.

If you are the first of her customers for the day, the *vendeuse* assigned to you will take a chair beside you for awhile. Improve the opportunity to give her a general idea of your requirements. You will find her intelligent and sympathetic.

The French *vendeuse* at her best is a marvel of tact and devotion, protecting you doggedly from high prices, careless fitters and your own all-too-fallible judgment.

One thing you may as well reconcile yourself to at once. No matter how excellent your judgment may be at home, it will falter in Paris. Nowhere is taste so severely tried and all former reputations for sartorial discretion avail nothing.

The unfamiliar perfumed atmosphere, the almost unreal setting, tends to make the most sensible woman lose her head. A dowager who can handle five committees a day without turning a hair has been known, in the atmosphere of a Paris salon, to go all to pieces and order a pink tulle evening gown suitable for her débutante granddaughter. Hard-headed, fattish business women who would argue all day over intricate problems of costs without giving an inch, are likely to fall helpless victims to the allure of dainty but singularly inappropriate bits of transparent black over flesh or inadequate trifles in orange gauze when what they wanted was a stout tweed ensemble.

The efficient *vendeuse* will pull her customer back from the brink of such disasters with a gentle *"C'est épatant, c'est mignon, n'est-ce pas? Mais, Madame, le beige et noir vous ira beaucoup mieux, n'est-ce pas?"*

Almost certainly she will be right. Learn to trust her and to treat her with complete frankness.

By some mysterious alchemy, when she is considering your problems, she quits her own personality and takes on yours for the time. If you tell her that you can pay only a certain sum for a model, she will scheme and plan to help you cut down on embroidery or on the quality of the material, often insisting on economy you never would dream of, always too much the artist to spoil an effect merely to make you pay more, even though it would increase her commission. Undoubtedly this policy is good business in the end since the best client is a satisfied one. It also is very charming, endearing business.

But look, the big show is starting! A sparkling brunette in a smart *tailleur* promenades toward you. She pirouettes in front of you and announces the name of the model, then passes on. If you are interested, you may call her over for a closer inspection on her return journey.

Perhaps this is as good a time as any to warn you not to expect that a Paris house can completely make you over to look just as the mannequin does. There are miracles in Paris, it is true, but seldom this one.

The model gowns are made for, and inspired by, the mannequins who wear them. Each mannequin

has been trained to walk and stand so as to show her gown to the best advantage. The girl's shining hair and nails, and her carefully creamed and perfumed skin are the tools of her trade. Each day she is scrubbed and brushed as carefully as if she were a race horse, in some houses actually bathed every few hours in eau de cologne. All her energy is concentrated upon keeping herself beautiful and physically fit.

Therefore, do not order a model just because of the way it looks on a mannequin. Visualize yourself in it, try it on if you can get into it, and relentlessly appraise its possibilities and your own. And before you succumb finally to its lure, make sure that it fits into your budget and is not too much higher than most Paris prices.

At present, the average price-scale for the big houses runs something like this: silk ensemble, consisting of dress and coat without fur or embroidery, 5000 *francs,* as compared with about $300 for the same thing in New York; sports dresses, 2400 to 6000 *francs;* evening gowns from 3000 to 10,000 *francs,* depending on embroidery or trimming; coats in wool without fur, from 2500 up; coats with fox trimming, around 15,000, depending on the amount of fur. The smaller houses start their

dress prices at 1200 *francs*. The average Fifth Avenue price for the same thing is a third or a half as much again.

You have probably heard rumors about the Paris dressmaker's sliding scale of prices. It is true that in other years French merchants of every class, including dressmakers, expected a good spirited argument over price and were amazed and a little disappointed when they didn't get it.

It is also true that after the war Americans were badly overcharged, but now at least half the big French establishments make a real effort to sell for one price to all comers the year round. The American who insists upon some slight reduction as a point of honor may succeed in getting one or two hundred *francs* taken off the price of a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar evening coat, though the *vendeuse* will probably act as if she is reaching into her own pocket for the money.

There are also occasional discounts for other reasons. A friend of ours got a thousand *franc* discount from a one-price house because she happened to come in with a rich client. Another friend got bad news from home after her dress was ordered and was given a reduction by the sympathetic sales-

woman on the strength of it. These little digressions add spice to the sport of Paris buying.

Whatever the price finally agreed on, insist upon having all the facts in writing. And never, never depend upon agreements made over the telephone.

When you place an order, your *vendeuse* will ask for a deposit of one or two hundred *francs* as a pledge of serious intent. At the moment of accepting the receipt for your deposit, ask to have all data put in writing—name of the dress to be made, in what materials, at what price, whether an under slip is to be included and when the garment will be delivered. Practically all the first-class houses now give such memoranda signed by the *vendeuse*. It is important for their protection as well as yours.

The clever *vendeuse,* anxious that you should be convinced you are getting fair treatment, will also show samples of the materials to be used. If she doesn't, ask to see them. Cling with great tenacity to samples of coat linings and trimmings, such as fringe and imitation fur, in order to save arguments later. Not many houses will actually cheat you in the matter of materials by using an inferior grade of lining or trimming but sometimes materials must

be reordered and the second lot is not always exactly like the first in design or color. Comparison with your own sample will show you whether the difference is vital enough to make a fuss. The tricky hand-made flowers and other trimmings which give French clothes that different look are especially likely to come in a different tone when reordered, so note carefully all details of the model such as flowers, buckles, or metallic gee-gaws.

Sometimes—if the reorder is different—you can arrange to have the original trimming taken from the model. Ask to have this done, anyway. The more demands of this kind you make, the more sophisticated you will seem!

And Now to Business

EVERY French dress must have at least one fitting. The minimum for coats is two fittings, and two should really be the rule for everything from lingerie to blouses. Make your appointments for hours when the collection is not passing since you will want your *vendeuse* on hand to help observe dropped stitches, wrinkles and misplaced fullness.

The best-dressed women insist upon being fitted by the fitter who draped the original model. This is true wisdom. Really good Paris models, because of intricate cut and elaborate manipulation of line and bulk, are difficult to copy. A complicated frock blossoms forth under the hand of the head fitter, a flower of inspiration. And since even she sometimes finds such an inspiration hard to repeat, what can you expect of her less-skilled subordinates?

Also, in shops where the head of the business has built up a reputation, the smart woman insists upon being fitted by the presiding genius.

Of course it is not always possible to get the original fitter—even by lavish tipping—certainly not in houses where there are two sets, one for work with mannequins, the other with clients.

When you go to try on clothes, wear your best underwear. This is to impress the fitter, who, being a temperamental Gallic, will take greater pains if she likes your lingerie. This sounds frivolous but isn't.

And another warning. Your first Paris garment when finished may seem a good deal less than perfect to you. That is because the French woman, more opulently formed than the Anglo-Saxon, likes her frocks to hang loosely from the shoulders with plenty of fullness over the bust, but the hip-line modelled snugly, so snugly, in fact, that you may find it difficult to sit down in your new frock.

Also, Americans like a narrow shoulder with tight armholes and a sleeve set in snug and neat, while only a few of the best French-made sleeves manage to avoid an underslung, gathered-in-at-the-shoulder look similar to the effect obtained by the small-town dressmaker using a pattern.

It's better to make up your mind at the outset that your sleeve will have a loose and easy look both

front and back and what you will consider much superfluous fullness under the arm.

But, after all, when you know the idiosyncrasies of Paris better, you'll be grateful that your sleeves actually match and you'll comfort yourself further with the knowledge that from the elbow down you will be sartorially perfect.

French dressmakers, incipient sculptors all, realize the potential attractiveness of the feminine forearm and instead of allowing the material to flap loosely around a pretty wrist, make sleeves form-fitting (only don't let them be too form-fitting) and a little longer than is customary in this country. Buttons or some clever cut are often used for emphasis.

The French neck lines, too, have a way of wandering off in unexpected directions, especially in front where they are likely to acquire an upcreeping look. But, if it's any consolation, you may be sure that they will be beautifully cut under the nape of the neck, and molded to the shoulder.

Don't change the neck line of the model if you can help it, for if you do the fitter is likely to lose her head when making the alteration and casually gather it in somewhere. This will give a lumpy look which you will deplore.

Do not change any lines at all if you can help it, and certainly do not ask for a different material unless you must. The French think out all models most carefully and variations are almost always disastrous. In the matter of color you need not follow the model so slavishly, for strong greens, dark purples, reds, violets and pinks shading on cyclamen which delight the designer's soul look better on Gallic brunettes than on Americans, either blonde or brunette. It is inadvisable, however, to change the color of an embroidered model or one elaborately trimmed, for it is in color combinations that the French show their greatest superiority to American designers.

Try everything on after it is completely finished before you pay for it and have it sent home. Pins fall out, chalk marks get rubbed off and even stitches have been known to come mysteriously unstitched.

The big houses, of course, gladly remedy slight errors even after you have worn the clothes.

"Wear it once and see how it feels, then bring it in if it isn't exactly right," your *vendeuse* will advise in her solicitous, caressing way.

Sometimes dresses are taken back two or three times before they suit both the customer and the

vendeuse. One of the things for which you must have an eagle eye is imperfectly finished handwork. French sewing is a thing of beauty and a joy forever but achieved as it is by human hands instead of infallible machines, some woven bit of ribbon or intricate hand stitching is occasionally overlooked or comes unravelled.

A wise American woman we know not only has a finished fitting before she pays in full for her Paris clothes, but actually orders the garments wrapped before her eyes and bears them away with her in a taxicab.

This canny habit is the result of an experience at one of the smaller houses. She had undergone a final fitting and everything seemed all right, so she paid the bill and delivery was promised for the next morning. But next morning came, and no clothes. Three days went by. No clothes! At last the woman went around to see about them. Her coming created a mild panic. The *vendeuse* was desolated. There had been an unaccountable delay. But now all would be made right. Madame was not to give herself the smallest concern.

By this time, Madame had caught the infection and was pacing the floor like a lioness and crying out for her clothes. Messenger girls ran to and

fro distractedly. Saleswomen buzzed in corners and the proprietor shouted staccato orders.

After twenty minutes of such frenzy, the *vendeuse* brought out Madame's coat, which when last seen was practically finished. Now it was a sorry sight. The fur had all been taken off. A new lining had been hastily sewed in. Chalk marks, bastings and pins sprouted from every seam.

At last the truth was revealed. Surely Madame would understand. It was a crisis—a what do you call it?—emergency! An old customer—such a delightful woman—had arrived in a tearing hurry—a boat to make—yes—and a sick child at home. And she wanted precisely the lining in Madame's coat. There was no other to be had in a hurry and so the beautiful lining of Madame had been ripped out and sewed into the so-hurried lady's coat!

Such extreme cases as this are rare even in rattle-brained Paris. But the wisest course, if you would avoid disappointment, is to canvass all probabilities and improbabilities and take steps to guard against them.

Of course hundreds of tourists order their clothes sent C.O.D. to their hotels, the clerks pay the bills, everything fits and the transaction is closed. On

the other hand, hundreds of packages fail to arrive on time and more than occasionally the bill that the clerk pays is larger than was stipulated in the original agreement. So on the whole, it's best to profit by the experience of others and after a finished fitting to bear the spoils away in your own hands.

At least, *never, never* leave anything to be sent to the boat on sailing day, for if you do it is likely to arrive too late and then endless trans-Atlantic letters must be exchanged to decide who was responsible for the mishap and who must pay the duty.

The French as a whole are perfectly honest and as likely to cheat themselves as you in a financial deal. Customers have been known to receive bills with a thousand *francs'* error in their favor, nearly as often as the other way round.

Almost all business with tourists is cash and carry, but Americans who are to be in Paris for some time and who have credentials or reputable references—if only in the form of a job—may open accounts. Impecunious students whose mothers are well-known to big establishments can often arrange to settle on the partial payment plan, two-thirds on delivery and the rest within three months.

True, with their usual inconsequence, the French may try to collect oftener but you can hold them to their written agreement.

One student we knew bought a dress on such terms, the agreement being that she should have three months to pay the final sum, about thirty dollars.

Two days after the dress came home, a gorgeous footman in full livery appeared on her doorstep presenting an embossed woodcut bill for the remaining payment. She carefully explained the situation in bad French; he listened deferentially, bowed low and went away.

Next morning at half-past eight he was back. This time she instructed the maid to send him away. Finding him on the doorstep again on the third morning, she threatened to call the gendarme if he came again before the three months were up. Bowing low, he withdrew for the last time.

Three months passed. The day of reckoning came and went, but no bill was presented. The girl was glad for she was broke. Six months later, she sent a money order for the amount, explaining in a letter to her *vendeuse* that a deplorable financial condition had made it impossible to pay sooner. The *vendeuse* replied most courteously, returning

thanks for the money, which opportunely arrived, she explained, just as the accounts were closing for the year. The calls of the collector were never explained, nor even referred to.

All the same, the French shopkeeper has his shrewd moments, so do not let his often unbusiness-like attitude make you careless. Buying a Paris wardrobe and getting it satisfactorily fitted is a serious business—take our word for it.

Adventures in Bargains

WOMEN, almost without exception, go bargain-mad in Paris. This fever is inevitable in a country where the inhabitants think it more fun to save fifty *centimes* than to earn fifty dollars.

Besides, on five minutes' acquaintance and because you came from the Ohio birthplace of their cousin's husband or went to the same college as their best friend's step-niece, fellow voyagers insist upon divulging to you the bargain secrets compiled from the address lists of much-travelled tourists on shipboard or picked up later in Paris from Old Settlers of the Latin Quarter. So why wouldn't you catch the infection?

You are certain to hear of that superstitious furrier in the Rue de l'Arbre Sec who sells silver fox scarfs for fifty dollars a skin if only you can catch him early in the morning before he has made a sale. Also, you will be told of a clever little dressmaker behind the Church of St.-Roch, worth the climb up five flights of dark creaky stairs (clever

little dressmakers all live five flights up in Paris) who can copy Chanel so artfully that Chanel herself couldn't tell the difference.

The ardent seeker after cut-rates in France will insist, too, that you write down addresses for: the wholesale house in the Cité Paradis that sells sports clothes direct to Jenny and Bonwit Teller; the Turkish woman on Boulevard Sébastopol who makes lingerie for a song ("she probably steals the silk, my dear!") and the *modiste* in farthest Neuilly who makes a hat on your head for fifty *francs* including the lining, the best bargain in Paris if you can find the place and don't mind the fifteen-*franc* taxi fare.

You may remain firm in the face of these rather uncertain allurements and still fall as hard as everybody else for the *grandes couturières'* sales!

What? Miss a chance to buy for six hundred *francs* the same clothes that the mannequins at Premet's or Martial et Armand's show twice a day for 2500 or 3000 *francs?* Pass up a Lanvin *robe de style* for fifty dollars; a Bernard sports coat for sixty-five; an evening coat from Worth for one hundred? Not while you have the strength to stand in the crush that waits for the bargain doors to open!

Yet, please pause with your foot poised on the threshold. You are going into another European adventure quite as exciting as seeing the Folies Bergère or climbing an Alp, but you will spend money and perhaps get no tangible good. If you can afford it, go on and have your fun. The more draggled your sales finery looks when you get it back to the hotel, the funnier story you will have to tell over the bridge and tea tables when you get home. And, of course, some people do manage to extract wearable bargains from the *mêlée*.

The sales are held the week before Christmas and late in June or early in July. Several days in advance the Paris editions of the *Herald* and Chicago *Tribune* carry tiny two-line advertisements on their society pages informing those interested that Patou or Molyneux or Yteb will sell off two hundred models from nine o'clock Monday morning until closing time Thursday afternoon.

To the army of foreign veterans of Paris sales this last phrase is killingly funny since by two o'clock on the very first afternoon it will be difficult to find even one garment that still hangs together, while by closing time on Thursday, the scene of the fray will be marked only by a few shreds of chiffon and kasha, a sad array of slips

without dresses to go over them, belts without their accompanying coats, broken buttons and torn bits of fringe.

Some of the better-directed establishments have devised the sensible scheme of feeding the models into the racks a few at a time, so that their later customers shall run as good a chance of finding real bargains in good condition on the last day of the sale as on the first. But most houses adhere to the old method of putting everything into the grab-bag at once, so that to the early bird, who denies herself coffee and *brioche,* will belong the spoils.

The official opening time is nine o'clock, but as early as seven the crowd has begun to gather and push in mass formation against the gate at the foot of the grand staircase. A sympathetic but firm doorman stands guard. At eight o'clock the curb fills, by nine the street looks as if a three-alarm fire were going on. The doorman grows momentarily less sympathetic and more firm.

"I couldn't allow my own sister in five minutes before the timekeeper upstairs gives the signal—not if my refusal meant she would have to wear her last year's tunic for another six months," he insists when a pretty American student badgers him

to let her in early so she won't be late for her ten o'clock class at the Sorbonne.

Sometimes an *agent de ville* must reinforce the doorman. One of the most pathetically ludicrous sights we ever saw in Paris was a Patou doorman, bosom loaded with World War hero medals, wrists bandaged as a result of the morning battle, completely surrounded by policemen to protect him against further Amazonian rushes.

The early crowd is composed of American residents, French *bourgeoisie*, a few buyers from model shops, and ladies' maids sent to reconnoiter until their wealthy employers can come to try things on for themselves.

"*En solde*" are the mannequin models from the recent collection, garments from the dressmakers' branch establishments at Deauville, Biarritz and Cannes (usually in excellent condition after a short season at these resorts), half-finished raiment left on the house's hands by dissatisfied or unreliable customers, remnants from the stock rooms, including beautiful Rodier kashas that you will not find at any of the department stores, small pieces left from bolts of handsome metal *lamé*, brocades and silk velvets in slightly *de mode* colors.

Thousands of beads jingle to the floor during the

first attack, hundreds of buttons leave their moorings, and the mannequins, who help at the sale because they get a percentage of the profits, emerge bruised and trodden wrecks. All but the conservative contestants prefer to forage for themselves and to cling obstinately to whatever gowns they can corral. It is catch as catch can by silk fringe, lace flounce or what have you. The ladies' maids are most agile of all and what they catch they keep. Every variety of strategy from strong language to actual bribery is employed to separate them from the clothes they sequester during the first rush. But until their mistresses come, they hang valiantly to their plunder, sometimes sitting on it.

The experienced shopper searches first for a separate sport skirt in some distinctive material or a sleeveless sport dress in a neutral color, afterwards returning to the tables for a piece of the same or a harmonizing cloth. From these two, the army tailor around the corner can assemble a smart *tailleur* for a small price. Few high-priced dressmakers can cut and fit a jaunty little jacket better than the men who serve as tailors to *Le Militaire* of France.

Veteran bargain hunters also know that it is a

waste of time to grab for clothes not likely to fit and they wisely accept the services of some young assistant *vendeuse* whose trained eye discerns which models will not be too long and narrow. Once having chosen a few possibilities, madame throws modesty and outer garments to the winds, dons her spoils, tears them off, rushes, sometimes in her chemise, to far corners of the adjoining room for a frock released by another bargain huntress and tries on again.

A show as funny as any on the Boulevards is the sight of an impressively-built dowager crowding herself into a dress made for a sylph, or a young thing of a mannequin's match-like contours snatching for a heavy beaded creation intended for a stylish stout. Alarmingly hectic as this may sound, it is possible to get real values at a mannequin sale if only you can remember a few simple rules.

First of all, don't buy anything you don't need.

And don't buy anything that doesn't approximate a fit no matter how irresistible it may look.

Don't buy a sports dress in wild colors, unless it's an ensemble, ravishingly becoming and exceptionally cheap.

Don't buy a dirty white evening gown with

spangles which will melt off if you attempt to have it dry cleaned.

Choose substantial clothes in dark or neutral colors and plain lines rather than those in pastel tints and of novel, synthetic materials and complicated cut. Everything will have to be remodelled and it is hard for an American dressmaker to make over the more intricate French garments.

Remember that a simple dinner dress in that amazing stuff known as French *mousseline*—in appearance as perishable as cobwebs but actually as indestructible as Grandmother's black alpaca—is a good buy any time of the year.

The mannequin sale is seasonal, but there are many all-the-year-round opportunities for buying clothes at moderate prices in Paris, opportunities of which French women eagerly avail themselves. All but the fabulously wealthy French women are shocked at the prices middle-class Americans pay for their finery. With many gestures, shrugs and skyward rollings of the eyes the Parisienne will point to her smart black crêpe de Chine dress, her trim black tailored coat with its contrasting lynx or shaved lamb collar, her close-fitting hat ornamented with a marcasite pin, and explain that

"*V'la, mon enfant,*" all of this plus the Raoul slippers and two strands of pearl beads were purchased for less than the equivalent of $100!

Less aware than American women of what "everybody" is wearing at a given moment and depending for chic upon unity of color scheme, a few well-chosen accessories and her own inborn gift for wearing clothes smartly, the average French woman cannot understand why the tourist in Paris prefers a standard model from an expensive house to something individual, designed for, or at least adapted to, her personality and taste by a less famous, less costly dressmaker.

There is much to be said for the smaller houses where original models of great chic are often discovered by venturesome American buyers or independent stylists for advance fashion magazines. Some of these moderately-priced establishments are real finds for the traveller, especially if the small dressmaker should become interested enough in your type to help select things that really become you and at the same time are in line with the general style trend.

Among the most successful in this classification are numerous Russian emigrant artists, once patrons of the best houses themselves, who have set

up shop in shabby streets in the St.-Germain district or on the wrong side of the Arc-de-Triomphe, there to adapt a knowledge of Russian decoration and a gorgeous color sense to the prevailing mode.

A disadvantage of most of these places is that there usually are no finished models and you must order from colored drawings or some other client's half-finished dress.

It is therefore best to beware of anything too complicated in cut. At the same time it is possible to confide yourself to the dressmaker's judgment and achieve incredibly satisfactory results.

Prices at small houses are variable but should run between forty and sixty dollars for a daytime dress, about fifty for an evening dress and between sixty and a hundred dollars for a coat, depending on the fur used.

The wholesale houses will also interest bargain seekers since they will sell retail when it is to the mutual benefit of all concerned, and even the very timid bargainer can buy clothes there much cheaper than she can get the same models at the ready-to-wear shops near the Opéra or along the Boulevard du Montparnasse. Wholesaler's dress prices range from fifteen dollars to fifty or sixty, depending on the type of house and your ability to "make a

price." An ensemble costs from eighty to a hundred dollars unless handsome fur is added.

There are additional advantages to dealing with the wholesaler. Sewed by machine, these factory-made clothes stay together, so that what a dress lacks in elegant finish and dainty handwork it gains in bread-and-butter substantiality. You need never fear that seams will pull apart or pipings unravel; everything is put together firmly for dependable service.

When buying ready-mades, remember that stock sizes in France do not correspond to ours. An international movement is on foot in the garment trade to make a perfect thirty-six the same the world over, but at present there is a wide discrepancy. The French number 44 approximates our 36; their size 42 is about the same as our 34.

In the busy district of commission houses and garment centers sprawling between Porte St-Denis and the Rue Lafayette business is conducted informally. You rummage through the racks for what you can find, attended, rather than assisted, by a salesgirl. You try on behind a door or a screen, the fitting rooms, if any, being filled by mannequins and fitters getting ready for the next collection.

In imitation of the *grandes couturières,* important wholesale houses have collections of models which are shown on stunning mannequins while the customer lolls comfortably in a cushioned chair. Maggue, at 24 Boulevard Poissonnière, has a waiting room as attractive as many of the big dressmakers and at Madeleine et Robin's, an excellent little house at 3 Rue Volney, the pretty manager acts as mannequin for gowns of her own designing, while Marliac, at 34 Rue Penthièvre, turns out tailored and sports clothes that compare favorably with those signed by many *grandes couturières* in the shadow of the Place Vendôme.

A week to ten days is required for the average wholesale house to fill your order, but *mirabile dictu*—when a French wholesaler says the dress will be finished on a certain day, you may be sure it will not only be finished but delivered at the promised hour. American buyers have not done business with these manufacturers for years in vain.

At the end of the season, wholesale dealers hold sales of models at reductions worth the taxi fare and the long wait for saleswomen. Inquire for the dates of these sales when you order your clothes.

By the way, models discarded after the first few weeks of a big house's collection or those left on

the dressmaker's hands are always hanging backstage in a storeroom to which your *vendeuse* will be glad to introduce you after you have ordered one dress from her.

Regular clients of many important houses choose during the early days of a collection the models they wish saved. However, the wise woman asks to see her early selections before they are delivered at the close of the season. Otherwise she runs the risk of getting a perspiration-stained wreck that she will not be able to wear.

One more bargain suggestion—but your own conscience must be your guide about using it. The copyists in Paris make possible some wonderful prices but you will be supporting a bootleg industry if you buy from them.

Celebrated dressmakers fight continually to protect themselves by law from the depredations. One dressmaker stamps her finger prints on every gown that goes out from her shop. Others regularly bring action against copyists caught in the act. But all to little avail.

Copyists range from housewives, who for one hundred *francs* will duplicate in their own parlor anything they see at the races or in a French fashion magazine, to chic and well-oiled establishments

which will reproduce down to the last button the costume worn by the Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge at the Ritz on Sunday night.

The copyist with rates between one hundred and two hundred and fifty *francs*, though she rules a shop of her own and makes a pretense of being a designer, probably will remind you of your home-town dressmaker, except that, living in Paris, she commands better materials and has smarter ideas. Therefore, if you know what you want and how to direct a sewing woman, she may please you.

However, if you are determined to have the model you saw at Lanvin's or Premet's for one fifth its cost, you must hunt up a real copyist, one who works with muslin models and knows where to find materials and trimmings exactly like the original.

Her customer tells her the number or name of the gown she wants and where it was created. From a central agency the copyist orders a muslin model of the dress, plainly marked, labelled, and with extra tabs pinned on to indicate not only the cut and stitchings but exactly where every bit of trimming, the belt, shoulder straps or buttons must be placed.

She will then obtain a line of samples from the

house that supplied material for the original and find out who made the fringes and where the embroidery was done, if outside of the house's own sewing rooms. If the copyist's fitters are good—and some have excellent fitters—the customer eventually owns the physical twin of the original for one-fifth its cost.

Central bureaus that deal in stolen ideas often bribe employees of a big house—mannequins, sewing girls, even a trusted *vendeuse*—to slip out the models at the lunch hour or at night for the copyists to make replicas. And messenger boys frequently are caught stopping at the copyist's on the way to deliver a package.

During the openings dressmakers are on the watch for copyists' sketchers who slip in attached to legitimate newspaper delegations or in a party of buyers or commissionaires. We once saw such a spy literally thrown out of Doeuillet's during the afternoon opening of a collection. These sketchers get detailed drawings of the models, write out full descriptions and then try to steal sample books or pieces of material, a bit of fringe or a belt to show in what color and materials the original was made.

Whole collections are secured in this under-

ground way and carefully checked. When the original depends for its effect on a striking color scheme or some one novel decorative idea, copyists are often highly successful. Copyists' dresses of elaborate cut, however, are disappointing—which is not surprising since the necessary constant reference to the original is impossible.

Support, then, of Paris' bootleg industry is not always completely satisfactory. Perhaps that is retribution. At any rate, our conscience will not permit us to give you the addresses of any copyists —though you will easily find them if you are determined to have them!

Hints for Those in a Desperate Hurry

IN eight days in Paris, a determined American woman once bought two ensembles, four hats, two evening dresses, two afternoon dresses, a sports dress, a négligé, six sets of lingerie, a fur-lined coat and a custom-made corset. Then she spent the next eight days having a nervous breakdown at the American Hospital in Neuilly!

Nobody was surprised. To try to hurry the French is to invite nervous prostration any time. Only breezy American flappers who dash into a shop on Monday morning commanding five frocks to be delivered before the boat train leaves from the Gare St. Lazare on Wednesday can survive the ordeal. These flappers are the bane of the French shopkeeper.

We remember well the glimpse we caught at a small but excellent dressmaking establishment of a worried, gesticulating staff surrounding an American girl, who was absorbedly conning a fashion

magazine. Beside her were strewn bolts of materials and sample books.

"I'll take this one in blue marocain off of this piece," she decided, pointing, "and this one on page six in pink crepella, and just copy all these three like the models, and I want unlined coats to match these two. I'll be back tomorrow at five to try them on and the next day I'll try them on again and then the day after that they'll be done, won't they?"

The dazed *première* automatically began to take down the orders, but the head of the house seized her pencil, shrieked, "*Non, non! C'est impossible!*" and wrung his long slender hands. Even so, the customer departed a few moments later, confident that a double payment would get what she wanted.

It didn't. When Wednesday came, one costume was ready. The others had to be sent after their owner to America. The French have a debonaire and determined attitude toward time. When you arrive for an eleven o'clock fitting you often must tarry for three-quarters of an hour or be sweetly instructed to come back again at three that afternoon.

"But, Madame, don't you remember I wanted to

make the appointment for three so that I could motor to Versailles this morning?" you feebly protest. "And you said you must have me at eleven if you were to finish my dress. Don't you remember?"

Suddenly Madame remembers. "But, yes, you are right," she chirps brightly, "only I am bad womans, yes? It *was* for eleven. But now you will come back at three, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Grinding your teeth and cursing the day that you ever left Hackensack, you consent to the change in time, only insisting in the interests of science upon knowing the cause for this annoying delay. It is so simple, explains Madame.

The grosgrain belt to match your beige has not yet been found in the right quality and the city is even now being scoured from St-Denis to the Arc-de-Triomphe for the perfect thing.

Or one of the sewing girls—*petite folle!*—has burned the right sleeve of your dress while pressing it for the fitting and since there is not enough material left to make another sleeve, the dress must be reconstructed from another piece of material.

Or your intricate embroidery is not finished.

Or yesterday was a holiday and none of the girls came to work.

Everybody in France takes two hours off for lunch, closing up shop during this period. On Monday mornings many dressmaking establishments and all the department stores are also closed to give employees the benefit of returning refreshed from their weekends. And then there are the innumerable regular holidays—Bastille Day, All Saints' Day, *Mi-Carême, Mardi Gras,* and Christmas, besides unexpected festival occasions when everybody closes by common consent.

Add to all this the fact that French shops open much later every morning than shops in America, even those in New York, and you will see why when your dress is promised for Saturday it will be delivered Monday—and why, if you want to be certain that your new clothes will sail with you, you must demand them for delivery ten days in advance.

Nor can the French be hurried by threats, arguing or bullyragging. These are met with apologetic shrugs, indifference, laughter or anger according to the mood sweeping through the establishment at the moment.

There is, however, one sure appeal—*l'amour!* Lillian Fischer, one of the most beautiful and intelligent of Patou's first five American mannequins

imported to France, tells how M. Patou himself sometimes dramatically enters the sewing room and with tears in his voice and abandon in his gestures, relates that a certain mademoiselle must have three dresses by the eleventh because her fiancé arrives from America on that day and unless she meets him in a Patou frock (dramatic pause for breathless effect) the betrothal may be broken!

Then for a few days the French workroom will rush madly, tongues clattering of young love as the needles fly.

Tourists with less than two weeks to spend in Paris and no fiancés hurrying across the ocean to speed up production really should defer their shopping for Fifth Avenue or 57th Street in New York.

But we do not expect them to do so. Imagine going back to Akron, Ohio, or Albany, Oregon, without a printed chiffon from the Rue de Rivoli or a hat from the Place Vendôme! So we shall do our best to assemble you a hasty *trousseaux*.

The very surest way to make speed in Paris is to get a professional shopper. Your bank, your tourist bureau or the shipping line which brought you across can recommend one, who may be American, French or Russian. All reliable shoppers offer substantially the same service—first aid to the hur-

ried traveller. Only be sure that yours speaks good French, knows the city and is reliably recommended.

One of our most amusing Paris recollections is of Estelle Taylor, motion picture actress, on her honeymoon, weeping in the arms of Jack Dempsey, her new husband, because the shopper she had hired was inefficient.

Dempsey was patting his bride on the back and saying at intervals in the helpless tone of the male confronted with a female in grief: "Honey girl, if that shopper doesn't take you where you want to go, tomorrow you just get another one, that's what you do!"

Every first-rate shopper with *entrée* to the best houses is balanced by one with a list of second-rate, unreliable places trying to get a start at the expense of credulous American tourists. The shyster shopper often collects as high as fifteen per cent commission from second-rate places, or else contracts with a dishonest *vendeuse* to overcharge customers and split the difference. Hence the need for recommendations.

An American shopper who speaks French probably will seem more homelike and better able to steer you. A French shopper, however, can often

get lower prices and is more likely to know bargain places. A French woman once got us cut-rate prices at a florist shop!

Russians have nerve and energy in addition to the regulation qualifications and if you are lucky enough to get an aristocratic exile, either a princess or a baroness, you will have something to talk about when you get home.

Your shopper should know exactly where to go for everything—the right house for a formal coat with many cuts and inserts, the shop that specializes in tailored blouses, *frou-frou,* evening gowns or most reasonable shoe buckles. Thus you will not wander around hopelessly as you certainly would alone unless, that is, you happened to know the city and its crazy lay-out of streets radiating from a central point.

Most important of all, the good shopper knows how to get prompt service and the best attention. She will see that you are fairly treated as to price and her services are invaluable at fittings for she can translate you to *vendeuse* and fitter.

After accompanying you to one good fitting, the shopper often can take over responsibility for the completion of your clothes so that you may go on with your trip through Germany or Italy,

returning in three weeks to find everything ready for a final try-on. Also, if some of the clothes are not done in time for sailing or have to be altered, the faithful shopper will see that the proper changes are made and that the left-overs follow you to America.

The legitimate shopper gets reasonable commissions from the business firms to which she takes you—five per cent from department stores, ten per cent from the principal dressmakers, and fifteen per cent from smaller and cheaper shops that deal in everything from gowns to china souvenirs.

Certain *de luxe* shoppers demand 100 *francs* a day for their services, offering to serve as courier on sight-seeing or amusement expeditions. To justify this charge, they must be familiar with the history of Paris and also with the ins and outs of restaurants, clubs and society. They receive in addition their luncheon and perhaps taxi fares.

Often they will even pay their own taxi fare and yours, too. It is well to have an understanding about this or any other money matters at the beginning.

The commission system, strange as it may seem at first to Americans, is taken for granted in Paris. Everybody—your hair-dresser, the clerk at your

hotel, even the telephone girl—will be giving you "good addresses" for hats, lingerie and frocks.

"And be sure to mention my name," they will all caution. Then every month they will go round to the various places they have recommended and collect.

If you have only two or three days at your disposal and a fixed determination to take home something Parisian in clothes, there is nothing for it but to tour the department stores and ready-to-wear shops. Lists of these as well as other valuable addresses can be secured free through the shopping service of your bank, from reliable tourist bureaus, *Harper's Bazar, Ladies' Home Journal, Vogue,* and the Helen Scott Travel Bureau.

When shopping at a large department store get a *carnet d'achats* at the cash counter. Keep this and let the sales person mark each purchase. Then the payment for everything you have bought can be made at one time on return to the counter or you may have packages sent C.O.D. This will save much waiting and wear on the nerves.

It is helpful to know that the French Bureau for International Travel in the Avenue de l'Opéra will give you a five per cent rebate on all department store bills. The Bureau gets ten per cent commis-

sion from the stores and allows you half, hoping you will do other business when you come in to collect your rebate.

Not-too-bad sports dresses and tailored coats may be found at the department stores but the evening clothes are unsatisfactory. Le Printemps has a few special models of the better type but they cost more than dresses especially made.

The Grande Maison de Blanc has beautiful clothes of all kinds and sometimes is willing to sell off a model, though usually everything is made to measure. For simple summer clothes, coats and the kind of crêpe de Chine dress that you often have to buy in an emergency in Europe, the Bon Marché is good and very cheap.

The huge Magasin du Louvre will do as well by you as any average Middle-Western department store—standard models at moderate prices. But on the whole, department store ready-to-wears are disappointing. You might as well buy them at home. Clever sweaters, blouses, ties and collars, however, you will find in inexpensive profusion.

Along the Rue de la Paix are a number of ready-to-wear shops which in twenty-four hours will alter a model to fit, provided you are not markedly over or under-sized. Of course you will pay high

for this service but there is a chance that you may get something really distinctive, especially in the way of sports clothes.

Opposite the Galeries Lafayette and all through the opera section, you will find cheaper shops which carry dresses in several sizes but if you have time, you are likely to see the same thing even cheaper if you go window-shopping along Montparnasse up toward the Observatoire or down the Boulevard Raspail. The Boulevard Raspail from the clothes point of view is the upper Broadway of Paris and the small shops here have dealings with wholesale houses which make it possible for them to take your measure and get a gown made for you. They promise one fitting but will give two if the gown is not right the first time.

A model shop that sells genuine mannequin models at cut rates is an especially good place to buy in a whirlwind tour of Paris. "Anna Lowe" at 35 Rue Matignon, run by Dorothy Couteaur, an American girl, who is Molyneux's secretary, deals in handsome things which often are as fresh and lovely as if just finished at the *grande couturière* whose label they bear.

It is interesting to know that these models often have already made the trip to the United States.

American dress merchants legally avoid customs charges by taking freshly made models through the Customs in bond, depositing with government officials a sum for the privilege of keeping the dresses for three months.

Copies are made and the dresses shipped out of the country before the time limit is up—generally back to Paris to be sold. Miss Couteaur has an arrangement by which she receives fifty or sixty of these dresses at a time from New York's finest houses; also some of the bigger French houses which do not care to bother with mannequin sales sell all their models to these model shops.

Strange as it may seem, there actually exist American ready-to-wear places in Paris. They are well patronized, too, though they are usually expensive and you must take care to pick a reliable one for some American-run shops are out to cheat the tourist, more's the pity.

In the good places, the designers are often middle-aged French women used to American methods and the work is done more quickly than in regular French establishments. The American shops are best for silk ensembles and elaborate afternoon costumes for older women—clothes the average French house seldom shows.

Wherever you buy it, the altered model is your best opportunity to take home a Paris gown if you must buy in a hurry. Eleanor Painter, American actress, told us once that she got together a fairly complete Paris outfit in three days without ever leaving her room at the Crillon Hotel. Dressmakers sent models to her, she chose what she liked, tried on, the alterations were made at the shops and the garments delivered back to the hotel.

But Eleanor, after all, has an exceptionally persuasive personality. In spite of our helpful hints for hurrying, allow yourself all the time you possibly can for your Paris shopping. You'll need every second of it—and more!

That Gift for Grandma

THERE are 35,000 of the most fascinating antique shops in the world in Paris.

Perhaps six are really important—that is, offer for sale articles that are the only ones of their kind.

But we assume that if you want to buy priceless antiques, you will get your addresses from the dealer at home. We do not pretend to authority and the kind of shops we want to tell you about will merely furnish pleasant, rambling adventures and help solve that haunting gift problem—provided, of course, that you can bear to part with your purchases after you get them home.

One advantage to buying old things is that if they are old enough—100 years or over—they may be brought into the country duty-free, rugs excepted. This is arranged by means of a sworn statement from the dealer. At the American Consulate in Paris you must fill out papers saying where, when and from whom the antique was purchased.

Many shops supplying small, inexpensive gifts that will look both rare and expensive to the recipient may be found on the Rue du Bac which runs from the Rue Babylone across the Boulevard Raspail to the Seine, in the line of many of the bus routes to the opera. This was the smart residence section in the time of Napoleon, and is now mostly given over to antique shops and old-fashioned private *hôtels* inhabited by actresses and lavender-and-old-lace ghosts. An American woman, Marguerite Shelley, with headquarters at 21 Rue du Mont Thabor, is one of the foremost authorities on antiques in Paris.

Almost every shop has its period—Directoire, Empire, Louis XIV, and so on, and many specialize in a single thing. We recall with delight a tiny place that goes in entirely for crystal chandeliers. Another has old flower vases, from 1692 on, still another shows delicate inlaid cabinets and the tiny marble-topped tea tables that are becoming fashionable here.

Prices in these shops are somewhat higher since the great American invasion, but still far below what they would be at home for the same thing. It is expected, of course, that you will bargain.

Refuse to accept the first demand or even the second.

In the Rue du Bac, as it continues from the Boulevard Raspail towards the Seine, as well as on the side streets running off the Luxembourg, such as the Rue Vavin, you will find windows full of enchanting old silver and glass. This part of the city is so old that it seems the natural setting for these lovely ancient things. Parts of Montmartre have wonderful second-hand shops full of bargains.

Back of the Madeleine, too, and along all the streets running off the main boulevard you can get sets of silver and old carafes. Along the Quais, from the Pont Royale down towards Notre Dame, are shops full of handsomer things—tapestries, velvets and upholstery. In these shops, you must also bargain, but in a dignified manner, befitting the setting.

If you know antiques, it is well to watch for advertisements of sales and auctions in the American newspapers of Paris. Perhaps if you have time, you will even want to scout around the countryside looking for bargains in ancient furniture. Rouen, Provençe, Arles, Honfleur and Caudebec often have fine things.

When a house in the provinces is being wrecked, it is possible to buy ancient wallpapers, gates, window frames and fireplaces for a tiny fraction of what an interior decorator would charge. We remember one fireplace which was bought at a hundred and thirty dollars and sold for five thousand. In the provinces, too, you can find cabinet makers who will copy old chests and armoires beautifully for as little as twenty dollars.

Of course, pieces of the rarest periods can no longer be had for a song. Round-back chairs of the time of Louis XIV and Louis XV and XVI chairs are almost, if not quite, impossible to get except from a dealer who knows their value and will make you pay accordingly. Again we say, do not embark on a serious antique hunt unless you know the subject thoroughly and have been advised by experts.

The Flea Market at the Porte de Clignancourt is an open-air fair where on Sunday mornings before ten o'clock the lucky amateur can find bargains in everything from Napoleonic suspenders to medieval chests.

Second only to antiques on the list of acceptable gifts for the women folks back home are lingerie and handkerchiefs. For lingerie, you may pay al-

most any price you please. The woman who brings her samples to your hotel will charge a third less than a shop on the Rue de Rivoli. The wholesale houses of the Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière—Potel's at No. 73 for example—and small shops up many flights in Montmartre are cheaper still. The woman who comes to your hotel with her wares probably has her office in her suitcase and her workroom in her own kitchen or parlor. Unfortunately she often takes too many orders and cannot finish them all in time. But she usually does exquisite work most reasonably.

Lingerie is a serious business in Paris. Everything has at least one monogram and is fitted as carefully as a frock. The big houses give you two fittings on cobwebby affairs made with real lace and intricate embroidery. And your fitter and saleswoman will spend half an hour arguing about whether the waist line shall be half an inch lower or higher in the back. The minimum for a set of three pieces in the expensive places is fifty dollars.

Incidentally, it is not at all a bad idea to furnish your own material in the smaller places, for French silk is variable. Sometimes it wears, sometimes it doesn't. There is a lovely triple silk French voile which comes in all colors and can be bought at de-

partment stores. If you haven't brought silk from America, try the voile.

In having nightgowns fitted, remember that the French gown comes barely to the knee. If you like yours longer you must say so. A bride-to-be we knew forgot to do this and had to have part of her trousseau made over when she got back to America.

Also, the French chemise, which is a good deal like our princess slip, will always be fitted too tightly through the bust unless you request it otherwise.

The safest colors for French-made lingerie are pink and white, though mauve and yellow will probably be all right. Avoid green which washes badly.

The lover of fine linen will find webs of it, hand-woven and gossamer-fine, in handkerchiefs trimmed with real lace or monogrammed for four or five dollars. Handkerchiefs of good material and marked with three initials can be bought for fifty or sixty cents apiece at the Grande Maison de Blanc and the White House at 4 Rue de Castiglione. The especially-made monograms are the greatest item in the cost. At Trois Quartiers, for instance, you can buy boxes of handkerchiefs

ready-embroidered with a single initial for two dollars a dozen. Fairyland at 271 Rue Saint-Honoré deals in luxurious linens and lingerie.

The Bon Marché is the best place for real bargains in linens. You will pay ten dollars there for hand-made linens that would cost ten dollars machine-made in this country.

Unfortunately, you are not likely to be in Paris in January. If you were, you could share in most gorgeous bargains. These are the annual white sales when all the linens in all the shops are marked down a fourth or a third. Tablecloths, sheets, handkerchiefs, are all *en solde*. And the day the sale ends everything still in stock goes back to its original price.

Harry's at 382 Rue St. Honoré is a specialist in gloves *fantaisie* as the Parisians picturesquely call trick gloves, expensive but as durable as they are beautiful. Sport gloves at Harry's are good, too.

Perrin in the Avenue de l'Opéra—No. 45—is an old conservative house where you may buy models in glazed kid, *fantaisie,* but not *too fantaisie*. Perrin's glove sales—twice a year, incidentally, are events with the economical French housewife. The Samaritaine de luxe store in the Boulevard Capucines has beautiful gloves. Those at Nicolet, 18 Rue

Duphot, are reasonable, especially the washable ones. Alexandrine, 10 Rue Auber, and Jouvin, 1 Rue Auber, are other excellent glove places.

The department stores have good values in the regulation standard types of washable slip-on gloves and in cotton gloves if you want them in *fantaisie* styles which look a deal more expensive than they are.

Hand bags in France are likely to be a disappointment at first glance for all the finest models are effectively imitated in this country and usually at lower prices. The best French bags, however, have the beautiful lines and careful workmanship of the best French clothes and are worth the money if you have it.

Isakof at 8 Rue de la Paix is the originator of some beautiful bags made on modernistic lines. They will make bags to match your various costumes in 24 hours. Germaine Guérin and Henry à la Pensée, the former at 243 Rue St. Honoré, the latter at 5 Faubourg St. Honoré, are famous for bags for sport, evening and travelling. In the Rue des Pyramids are shops that carry stunning bags in calf and pig skin at reasonable prices. The wholesale district, too, offers luggage at a saving. H. Mouton, 9 Cité Trévise, welcomes retail trade

and has a fine selection of *petit point* and Aubusson bags at prices much less than the cost of the same thing in the Rue St. Honoré section where the *petit point* bag shops are most numerous. Also, you will find original bags, jewelry and other accessories in small show cases in the waiting salons of the big dressmaking establishments.

A cheap beaded bag house worth the taxi ride is at 55 Rue Louis le Blanc.

Perfumes, powders, soaps, creams and lotions will cost about half as much as at home and you will find them in greater variety. All the big dressmaking houses make their own scents. These are sold mainly to foreigners for most French women mix their personal perfumes themselves and will not tell you what the mixture contains.

The Printemps is a good place to buy perfumes and other toilet goods simply because you will find there so many brands from which to choose. Prices for these articles are usually uniform. Small manufacturers sometimes copy the perfumes of the big houses and sometimes you can get an imitation of your favorite expensive scent for a third of the cost. Only—the odor never lasts.

There are 278 different perfumes listed alphabetically under their Christian names with the

names of the perfumer following in *Le Livre d' Adresses de Madame,* a Paris shopping directory. Included are such names as Bonheur d'Aimer, La Dame en Noire, Ame Eperdue and La Vierge Folle!

French women begin to use flower perfumes about May Day, when such old-fashioned odors as lilac, lily of the valley (Muguet), lavender and mignonette become popular.

Around May 1, when the change in perfumes takes place, there is a grand floral parade with floats smothered in lilies of the valley and all participants wearing the same flower. The parade proceeds from the Place Dauphine to the Hôtel de Ville, winding up in the central markets for folk dances which continue for many hours.

Diamonds, sapphires and topazes are cheaper in Paris than in America. The best method of buying jewels other than diamonds at a good price in France is in their old settings. In this way, it is often possible to get them at their value of fifty or a hundred years ago.

Adventurous shoppers can find marvellous bargains at the grand auctions of jewels and silverware, held every three months at the Mont-de-Piété, the government pawnshops of Paris. All the business of pawnbroking in France is carried

on by the government—there are no licensed private pawnbrokers. Notice of the sales or auctions is always posted in front of the Mont-de-Piété on the Boulevard Raspail a week in advance.

The Compagnie des Indes headquarters at 14 Rue de Castiglione has all kinds of Oriental objects of art, including jewelry in jade and other Oriental semi-precious stones.

Ye Old Curiosity Shop, 350 Rue Saint Honoré, is a good standard place for novelty jewelry of ancient times, also for frames for handbags, and for bead, Aubusson and Beauvais bags.

Russian jewels and antiques are reasonable and interesting at A la Vieille Russie, 18 Faubourg St.-Honoré.

Lalique, 24 Place Vendôme, is one of the most fascinating places in Paris for the purchase of all kinds of novelty glass in the modern manner and even has jewelry in glass.

Edgar Brandt at 27 Boulevard Malesherbes specializes in modern jewelry in all kinds of metals. His art iron work is becoming famous in this country now that the modernistic movement in interior decorating has gained favor.

Sulka's and David's are among the conventional places to buy gifts for men—especially ties and

dressing gowns which come a little more gorgeous in France than anywhere else. Or for a very fastidious man, you may pick up a piece of old damask or brocade in an antique shop and have a dressing gown made.

Cheap and good ties may be found at La Belle Jardinière. The Samaritaine on lower Rue de Rivoli is a good place to look up all kinds of men's souvenirs as well as miscellaneous what-nots.

Dunhill's in the Rue de la Paix has fascinating objects connected with smoking and some that have nothing to do with nicotine. Gifts for women as well as men, including some of the most beautiful handbags in France, are to be found there. You will pay well, but rather less than at the New York Dunhill's.

A novelty in cigarette cases is the Jean Dunand lacquer and egg-shell variety, like the famous screens made by this same modernistic artist. They are sold at various shops and also at his studio.

Unusual umbrellas at reasonable prices are to be found at Vedrenne, 21 Rue St. Roch.

Men's handsome mufflers with cut work monograms come from Vernet's, 5 Rue du 29 Juillet as well as all kinds of beautiful monogrammed handkerchiefs. You can buy initialed handkerchiefs—

one and two letters—in a rush at the Grande Maison de Blanc, the Trois Quartiers and the other department stores.

It is a joy to buy clothes for the wee folk in Paris for the ability to do most exquisite handwork is combined with an Andersen fairy-tale imagination. Mignapouf, a Russian at 12 Rue Boissy d'Anglas, uses story-book lore as a background for his creations, sometimes motivating a Robin Hood cap, Hiawatha's leather fringe or Little Bopeep bonnet in ways that mysteriously turn out to be as smart as mother's dresses. He uses children mannequins at his openings. Lion at 7 Rue la Boëtie and Fairyland at 271 Rue St.-Honoré sell children's clothes, too. The above addresses and those that follow are merely suggestions, we hasten to say. Addresses everywhere in this book are rather examples of the type of place we are explaining than an exhaustive and authoritative list of shops or restaurants. Go to a professional shopper or travel bureau for the latest news on the shopping situation. Managements change over night, prices are raised or lowered, quality waxes better or worse from month to month. A few remain season after season the classic places for certain things—to these we have tried to limit ourselves.

But to continue with gifts:

It is easy to find Fido a nice one in Paris.

The luggage and specialty shops which deal in "trousseaux," trinkets and other equipment for dogs are a curiosity and a delight. Such shops as Aux Etats Unis, 292 Rue St.-Honoré, Au Chien Fidèle, 34 gálerie Montpensier and Lachaussée, 85 Rue la Boëtie, carry rubber boots with fancy tops, dogs basins embellished with appropriate mottoes, leashes and dog collars in novelty patterns, summer and winter weight.

These shops advertise themselves as "dogs' tailors" making coats and blankets to measure in winter materials and in light pastel flannels during the summer months.

This may sound silly to an American, *mais c'est Paris!* Apparently some Americans do succumb to this French feeling about pets. We remember when Miss Vera Le Doux, showgirl, arrived at the Gare St.-Lazare with her pet ape dressed in women's clothes from the Rue de la Paix. The ape caused a sensation by carrying her mistress's purse; then almost a stampede by leaping lightly through the boat-train window and ambling down the corridor.

Excellent reprints of famous pictures are to be

found in the art picture shops of the Louvre on the Quai side of the building and at the main entrance; also in places on the Rue de Rivoli opposite the Louvre such as Hautecœur Frères at No. 172 and in the square in front of the Comédie Française near to the Hôtel du Louvre.

On the left bank, J. Alexis, 40 Rue Bonaparte, has etchings at all prices. The Lys de Florence in the same street, near the Seine, is excellent for the Italian prints that you didn't get time to buy in Italy. And all along this street you will find shops which frame pictures and sell colored mats to use with old prints. Marcel Guiot at 4 Rue Volney has a large selection of etchings.

Sterling silver is a good buy anywhere in France. It is marked *premier titre,* and the penalty for misrepresenting is so heavy that not even the most daring scoundrels will risk it.

When in doubt about a gift for a woman, it is always safe to go to the shop selling Sèvres ware, 240 Rue de Rivoli or to the one which offers Royale Copenhagen at 28 Avenue de l'Opéra. Pieces from these places are much cheaper than in this country and any woman loves them.

Rouard, 34 Avenue de l'Opéra, has marvelous china, glassware and earthenware—including

Wedgwood in reproductions of Louvre originals. The modernistic glassware is especially charming and so cheap that it seems incredible to those accustomed to American prices. Rouard's will pack your stuff for you and send it to the hold of your boat, also give you a price list with the name of the set you purchase so that if you want to add to your Wedgwood all you have to do is write back specifying the set (it will have a proper name), number of dishes wanted and enclosing the amount in *francs*.

China and novelty glassware may be bought cheaply in the basement of the Trois Quartier, also at the Galeries Lafayette. The Printemps has two departments—a basement shop for cheap china and a modernistic art shop, Atelier Primavera, with china and glass for modern interiors.

On the Blvd. Montparnasse near the Blvd. Raspail is a china shop specializing in Quimper faïence, now so popular and there is another shop opposite St. Germain-des-Prés that sells all the faïence of France, as well as the Quimper ware. These places will pack your goods for shipment and it is well to let them. It is cheaper to have the boxes sent by freight direct to the hold of your steamer than to have them sent by commissionaires.

Wrapping things to send home is an art. You need thick corrugated black tar paper, waterproofed, and lots of patience. Stout wooden boxes with handles can be made to order at 18 Rue Visconti for purchases that you wish to carry home in person.

However, if you are strong enough to make out about a dozen different slips telling everything from your own pedigree to full particulars about the package, you can send things to America quite inexpensively by freight yourself and quicker than through a commission house. Only if there is duty to be paid, the package must stay at the docks in New York until you come to claim it. All charges on packages sent by American Express, on the other hand, are paid up by the company direct to your home with an additional charge for hauling to and from the docks to the railroad, plus a small service charge.

The freight office nearest Montparnasse and the Boulevard Raspail is that of the Chemin de Fer d'Orleans Company, 124 Boulevard Raspail. The same company has offices of the same type called (bureau ville) at 93 Rue Blomet (15) arrondissement; 8 Rue St. Florentin (1) arrondissement near Patou's and Place de la Concorde; 8 Rue

Pastourelle (3) arrondissement; 7 Rue Paul Lelong (2) arrondissement; 10 cour des Petites-Ecuries (10) arrondissement and 149 Boulevard Voltaire (11) arrondissement.

And may Heaven help you is our hope!

Part Two

If You go to Paris to Live

Where Are You Stopping?

THE number of dressmaking houses in Paris is exceeded only by the number of hotels. There is a hotel for every taste and, more important, for every pocketbook.

Except for grand hostelries such as the Ritz, Plaza Athénée, and Meurice, prices are lower in Paris than at hotels of the same class in the United States. Also, second- third- and fourth-class hotels in Paris are uniformly better than the same type of place in America. You can be as comfortable for thirty *francs* a day as for one hundred and fifty, provided you go to the right hotel. In fact, you can get a comfortable room and breakfast for from twelve to twenty *francs*, bath four *francs* extra, if you know where to look for it.

In the small cheap hotels so plentiful on the Left Bank, the ten-foot-square lobby usually contains a desk for the concierge, a cashier's booth, a mailing desk and two or three wobbly chairs. The door is

closed after twelve at night so that you must ring for the *concierge* if you want to get in or shout "*Cordon*" if you want to get out. You must buy soap and writing paper, these little luxuries not being offered gratuitously and then added on to the bill as in America. The telephone service is terrible. There are no telephones in the rooms and messages left are frequently not delivered because they haven't been understood.

Even in the larger hotels, except those featuring American service, telephone service is practically nil and patrons resort to *pneumatiques,* local telegrams. In hotels where meals are served you are sometimes taxed if you bring in your own wine.

It is cheaper to pay a ten per cent service charge on the bill than to tip individually the innumerable servitors, male and female, who bring up your baggage, make up your room, draw your bath—if any—serve your coffee and *brioche,* call you to the telephone and deliver packages. At the more expensive hotels, however, even if you pay a ten per cent service charge, you will have to tip individually or be made miserable by the concentrated glares of the staff.

All kinds of taxes, such as *luxe* and *de sejour,* are added on to the bill, so ask about these when you

register. Also, get your bill at least twenty-four hours before you are ready to leave as otherwise the little final discussions about laundry, extras and *pourboires* will cause you to miss your train, surrender to the patron's demands or be chased down the street by the irate hotelkeeper and his wife.

Yet in spite of drawbacks, we still claim that French hotels make their patrons more comfortable than hotels elsewhere. Perhaps this is due to the personal type of service that you will find in even the most modest.

We strongly advise the tourist against full *pension* at any hotel, no matter how much money it saves. Even *demi-pension*—one meal besides breakfast—hampers you if you are in Paris for a short time and plan much sightseeing. It is maddening to tear yourself away from a carriage ride through the Forest of Fontainebleau just to save thirty *francs* on a meal, yet your conscience hurts if you don't. Besides, the grandest fun in Paris is to browse among the restaurants in search of eating places nobody has ever heard of before.

But if you are staying a long time, especially through the winter, taking your meals at your own hotel is convenient. Arrange for a good table and an agreeable waiter by tipping the head waiter

a trifle and tip regularly by the week rather than by the meal.

Hotels of all descriptions charge a much larger percentage for changing your traveller's checks into *francs* than do banks or American travel bureaus. For this reason, the experienced traveller always arrives in a foreign country with some of the coin of the realm in her purse and sees to it that some is always there, especially over holidays.

One would suppose that nobody old enough to travel alone in Europe would be so naïve as to ask the room clerk to cash a personal check on the home bank, but it has been done.

At most hotels, you can get a French breakfast, consisting of coffee, rolls and butter, for, at the most, ten or twelve *francs*. At the average inexpensive hotel, charging from twenty-five to thirty *francs* a night for a room, breakfast should be five or six *francs*.

The Ritz is the highest-priced hotel in Paris. Nine dollars for a single room is the minimum here, where all is elegant, chic, gay and sophisticated. The Ritz clientele is cosmopolitan to the nth degree. Diplomats, English nobility, financiers, smart women of society, buyers and actresses of the stage

and screen make their reservations months in advance for the spring season.

To get good accommodations, at this time of the year, you must be known to the management. If you are known, it doesn't matter about your pedigree or even bank account. Chorus girls with a certain popularity and indigent but well-known journalists are treated with more respect by the staff than wealthy but unknown tourists.

One year the head concierge confided that it was a horribly dull season—all the rooms were filled but (very disdainfully) he had never sold so many post cards since he took the job!

The special atmosphere of the Ritz is partly due to the famous bar on the Rue Cambon side run by Frank, who shoos ladies out of the bar to the left as you enter but encourages them to linger over cocktails and potato chips on the right. The Ritz dinner dances are famous for bringing out all of chic society, especially on Thursday and Sunday nights when Olivier, maître d'hôtel, presides. This Olivier, part owner of the Ritz dining room, is capable of giving lessons in statesmanship to any diplomat in Europe. He once allowed himself to be interviewed by us on the finer points of being

maître d'hôtel at the Ritz and confessed that his chief problem was guarding against the placing of divorced couples happily allied with new spouses next door to each other at the famous Sunday night functions. Among the Ritz regulars are O. O. McIntyre, the Ringlings of circus fame and Mabel Gilman Corey, once a musical comedy star, then the wife of a steel corporation magnate, now the fiancée of a prince.

The Hotel Meurice is a vast hotel opposite the Tuileries. Like a Cecil de Mille setting are the bewildering succession of salons, dining halls and reception halls, all gorgeously furnished.

The life of the place, however, centers around the small unpretentious lobby on the Mont-Thabor side which is the registration entrance. The Prince of Wales, ex-King George of Greece, the King and Queen of the Belgians and the King of Italy are among the royal patrons who sign here on the dotted line. One apartment is known as the King of Spain's suite, so frequently does he use it. Advantages of the Meurice are its quiet dignity, a fine view of the Gardens, excellent service and a location within walking distance of the Opéra and the Rue de la Paix shopping district.

The Hotel Crillon in the Place de la Concorde is

a favorite with statesmen, politicians, Hollywood celebrities and aristocrats from Boston, New York and other large American cities. There is a famous suite facing the Quai d'Orsay where the Minister of Foreign Affairs has his headquarters. Also there is a Chambre des Députés, said to have been occupied by many prime ministers.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jackie Coogan, Nazimova and Allan Dwan are some of the members of the motion picture group who find it dramatic to live within a few steps of the spot where Marie Antoinette was guillotined by the French Revolutionists. Abby Rockefeller Milton spent her honeymoon there, and Tom Mix, in cowboy hat and boots, has enjoyed Paris days and nights there. The Crillon is one of the most beautiful buildings in Paris, architecturally, and is noted for its large and luxurious suites, its cellar and cuisine. It does not have large lobbies, for people go there to live rather than to see the rest of the world or be seen by it.

In the Etoile section, the George V, located in the street of the same name and popular with English society, is one of the smartest hotels.

The Continental is a very popular hotel among Americans and is a social center for tourists during

all hours of the day, especially at tea time when you may drop in for an ice in the garden with its gay parasols. The Continental is opposite the Meurice on the Rue Castiglione and many of its rooms also face the Tuileries. Many people, including Jeritza, the prima donna, come here year after year. Nowadays it is more substantial than chic.

A hotel of aristocratic tone in this neighborhood is the Hotel Lotti at 7-9 Rue de Castiglione, patronized by many Metropolitan opera singers, among them Lucrezia Bori. It is quiet and tasteful. Before the war it was a favorite with royalty and nobility. Among the patrons were King Constantine of Greece and the Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia. Cyrus Curtis stops there now.

A hotel with a dashing kind of chic is Claridge's, in the heart of that new shopping district which is pushing its way up the Champs Elysées toward the Arc-de-Triomphe. Connected with a dazzling modernistic arcade, it is convenient for those who want to shop for everything from corsets to opera cloaks.

Claridge's *cliéntèle* is somewhat like that of the old Knickerbocker Hotel in New York, made up of sportsmen, rich buyers, richer Argentinians, and Oriental potentates—a colorful and cosmopolitan

group. Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor honeymooned there. Eddie Cantor stops there, too.

The tea dances are among the liveliest in Paris and typically Parisian. Wealthy and not too fastidious French women meet their *flirts* here, East Indian princesses dance about with veils flying and French, Russian and Italian *gigolos* tow stout ladies and their daughters up and down the roped-off dance floor to the strains of one of the best jazz bands in town. There is also a large tango orchestra that plays alternate numbers.

In this same section of Paris are two of the most luxurious family or residential hotels in Paris. The quiet, comfort and size of the apartments make the Plaza Athénée in the Avenue Montaigne and the Majestic in the Avenue Kléber especially suitable for a long stay. The Plaza Athénée has an aristocratic air about it rather like the Plaza in New York. Its interior is notable for a flower-bordered tea room and fountain. The service is excellent.

Among the famous patrons have been Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern.

The Majestic occupies the site of the erstwhile palace and gardens of Queen Isabella of Spain. It contains all American conveniences such as a tele-

phone and letter box in every room but manages to retain a distinctively French atmosphere. Less expensive than the Plaza Athénée, it is at the same time comfortable, discreet and beautifully located near the Arc de Triomphe. Constance Talmadge stops here.

The new Hotel de Paris, one of the few modernistic hotels on a grand scale, is at 8 Boulevard de la Madeleine and is a good choice because of its own excellent restaurant, and because it adjoins the Café de la Madeleine, one of the nicest of the smart Parisian cafés. In this same section on the Rue Scribe close to the American Express and opposite the opera is the Hotel Scribe, everything that a hotel man thinks the public wants. Hordes of prosperous tourists rush there each season. It is reminiscent of the Pennsylvania and Commodore in New York.

Also popular with buyers and tourists who like their comforts are the new California Hotel with its interior Spanish courtyard at 16 Rue de Berri, opposite the American Church, just off the Champs Elysées, and the Hotel Pennsylvania in the Rue des Acacias, related to the New York inn of the same title by name only, and famous because every room

has a dressing room and because there is a private free garage for those patrons with cars.

The Hotels Commodore and Ambassadeur in the new extension of the Boulevard Haussmann just back of the Grands Boulevards and the Opéra were headquarters for the Rotary Clubs when they came to France for the convention at Ostend.

The Hotel Bristol in the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré is quiet and close to the shops. The overflow from the Ritz is often cared for here. The Royal Monceau is one of the quietest of the large new hotels in Paris. Each room has a bath.

Among the famous old hotels on the Right Bank is the Hotel Edouard VII, on the busy Avenue de l'Opéra with a famous Delmonico restaurant downstairs.

If you feel more at home on the Left Bank, there is the commodious Hotel Lutétia at the corner of the Rue de Sèvres and the Boulevard Raspail, which is in the heart of the modern Latin Quarter and within walking distance of the old book shops and antique shops of the Seine. At the same time, it offers as many comforts and conveniences as the Right Bank.

Also on the Left Bank is the Pont Royal, a

favorite with the wives and families of diplomats and statesmen.

Among medium-priced hotels, the charming Hotel Auberge de Navigateur at 51 Quai des Grands Augustins is something very special even for Paris. It offers its guests special rates in the expensive Lapérouse restaurant next door and serves for breakfast the best chocolate on the Left Bank.

Other hotels on the Left Bank much more modest in price include the Hotel de l'Odéon near the theatre of the same name (Carl Van Vechten's Peter Whiffle spent his first Paris night there); the Hotel de Chevreuse opposite the American University Women's Club and considered its coeducational annex, and the Hotel Venetia, near the Place de l'Observatoire on the Boulevard du Montparnasse, where Edna St. Vincent Millay and a long list of celebrities have stayed during their lean days in Paris, waited upon hospitably by the large, well-fed family of the manager.

Cayre's Hotel at 4 Boulevard Raspail is popular with American women and full *pension* is only eighty *francs* a day for one person. On the other side of the river in the Rue de la Paix itself is the Hotel Mirabeau with full *pension* at 150 *francs* a day. The entire family of chewing-gum Wrigleys

make this their home when in Paris and Papa Wrigley says the food is the best this side of his Catalina Islands. The Hotel Rhin at 4 Place Vendôme, with great dressmakers to the left and right of it, is small and select with many aristocratic patrons on its register.

A remarkable innovation in Paris is the service flat, a one- or two-room apartment with bath, and all-hotel service. For a prolonged stay the comforts of such an arrangement are obvious. At 5 Rue Copernic is such a hotel decorated by Paul Poiret in a dashing modern manner. The Raphael opposite the Hotel Majestic at 17 Avenue Kléber is even more splendid. The Studio Apartment Hotel at 9 Rue Delambre offers a huge studio room two stories high with an inside stairway ascending to a gallery on which are the sleeping quarters and baths. The restaurant is one of the best in the quarter and the bar is very popular. The average price of these service flats is 100 *francs* per day, though a rate of $100 a month can usually be arranged.

Along the Rue de Rivoli is a series of small, well-run first-class hotels, attractive because they are opposite the Tuileries Gardens and convenient because they are in the midst of that dazzling street

of souvenir shops. Among these may be named the Wagram at 208, the Savoy at 194 bis, and the Brighton at 218. The Brighton is a little more expensive than the other two, at both of which the minimum for a single room is sixty *francs* a day.

Also on the Rue de Rivoli but with a main entrance at 211 Rue St. Honoré is the Hotel Saint-James-and-Albany, the old Hôtel de Noailles. Here lived Lafayette, sixteen, and his bride, fourteen and a half. The hotel is extremely popular with tourists, actresses and opera singers who know where to go to get the most for their money. The France et Choiseul at 239 Rue St. Honoré, built around an old-fashioned courtyard and extremely reasonable, is similarly popular with people who know Paris. Fannie Hurst stopped here on her return from her famous trip to Russia.

The Grand Hotel, first of the "modern" hotels to go up in Paris, takes up an entire square opposite the Opéra and continues to be a favorite for many celebrities in spite of its old-fashioned interior and vast proportions. Metropolitan stars, De Luca, for one, often stop here on their way through Paris and because of its central location it is a favorite place for meeting people. The Café de la Paix is

in the same block of the Avenue de l'Opéra and the shopping centers, banks and tourist offices are all within a few feet of the front door.

The hotels of medium price and great comfort in Paris are too numerous for us to list in full, especially since we've just learned there is a word limit on this book, but if we have left you still wondering where to go, the little booklet issued free by the Office National du Tourisme gives location and price of single and double rooms, with or without *pension,* of 162 Paris hotels!

Castles in Paris

WHEN Allan Dwan saw the house in Paris where Gloria Swanson lived while she was making Madame Sans Gêne, he cabled Cecil de Mille, "You are right after all! These things actually exist outside your studio."

Gloria's house was sublet from a Marquise who is reputed to have had a hundred lovers in one year. The entrance hall and drawing room are as conservative as a New England parlor, and the library on the second floor is furnished in the classic French manner.

But on the third floor, amid slippery lacquer walls and floors, is a bedroom done in black with a golden bed in one corner and a sunken Roman bath in the other! Yes, actually!

Not all Parisian houses are so motion-pictorially gorgeous, but some of the less sensational-looking ones are worth more than their weight in gold because of their age. There are twenty *hôtels particuliers* (private residences) in Paris which are

registered by the government as *monuments historiques*—that is, as authentically ancient and important for historical value—so important that not even the owner can tear down or make vital change in such a house without the permission of the government. Three of the twenty are owned either by American women or by American women and their husbands. Mrs. Henry Symes Lehr, Mrs. Gustave Baumann and Mme. le Jonkheer J. Loudon, the former Lydia Eustis, are the three lucky women.

The Lehr house belonged to the Duc and Duchesse de Villars during the reign of Louis XIV. It is at 52 Rue des Saints-Pères, a block and a half from the old church of Saint Germain-des-Prés. The house and its extensive gardens have been meticulously restored to their former grandeur by Mrs. Lehr who was Elizabeth Drexel.

The original plans of the historic home of the Lehrs' were drawn up by the architect who designed the Musée Carnavalet. One staircase has not been changed in any detail since it was built in 1639.

The Hôtel Chanac de Pompadour, which belongs to Mrs. Baumann and her son Clifton, is one of the finest houses, architecturally speaking, in Paris.

It was built for the Abbé Pompadour in 1772. The salons are Louis XV style with overdoors by Boucher and Mennoyer. The dining room is directoire. The grounds contain a famous sunken garden and in the cellar are Roman baths by Claudian.

Mme. Loudon's historical house is at 85 Rue de Grenelle, the diplomatic street of Paris, and serves as the Dutch Legation. Monsieur Loudon is the Dutch Minister to France.

This house is a fine Louis XV structure furnished in authentic Louis XV antiques. Her tulips are Madame Loudon's pride. In tulip time every year, she gives a reception and guests from the four corners of the earth come to admire the resplendent beds of blossoms grown from Holland bulbs.

All negotiations for buying property, historical or otherwise, in Paris and outlying districts are carried on by an official known as the *notaire*. Half of his fee, which is 25 per cent of the purchase price, goes to the government. The *notaire* looks up the title of your property and gives you your deed written in long hand. He is responsible if there is any flaw in your title.

Buying even a small house in France is a great

adventure. Don't even begin it unless your sense of humor is working overtime. And listen to this first!

An American woman of small income, living in Paris, bought a tiny house near Versailles last summer. The caretaker employed by the former owner did not want to leave and although he had no legal right to stay, went before the judge at Versailles and petitioned for the privilege of keeping the house for three months, claiming that the new owner was the possessor of several houses, all empty. The judge apparently believed this story. At least, he granted the petition.

When she heard what had happened, the American owner protested, but the French judge shrugged and said: "Madame, it is ordered. Why did you not appear?"

She pointed out that she had known nothing of the petition—had not been notified. But that did not signify anything to the law, and in spite of expostulations, the unwelcome guests stayed, rent free.

Emboldened by their success, they began tearing down a chicken house and selling the bricks. When he heard this, the Solomon at Versailles allowed

the owner of the house to get out an injunction against another three months of free rent and vandalism.

It began to look as if the pair really would have to vacate. But not yet! An officer informed Madame that a policeman and a locksmith must be in attendance on the day of evacuation, just in case the caretaker had locked the house and gone off. This, with a *camion* to move the intruder's furniture, would cost, the officer estimated, 400 *francs*. And the American woman must pay the sum—in advance.

On the morning of the appointed day, the American lady, who has a riotous sense of humor, appeared bright and early, determined to watch the show since she had financed it. But it was all over. From the neighbors she heard that the pair had gone away quietly the night before and later she learned that the officer had bribed them with part of her 400 *francs*.

Everybody who buys a home in Paris must pay a 25 per cent tax on the purchase price to the government and a tax (estimated by the assessors) on the rent he would be paying for his house if he didn't own it!

After the war, foreigners who bought property

in France were taxed even more, but one day somebody dug up an old treaty between France and the United States which agreed that Americans were to be taxed exactly as are natives so the proposed tax list was withdrawn and Americans now pay the same as the French themselves.

Aside from the registered historical places, some of the most beautiful residences in Paris are owned by Americans, a number of whom are women married into the French nobility.

At 1 Boulevard de la Tour Maubourg is the house of the Comtesse Jacques d'Aramon, who made one of the earliest of the French-American marriages. She was Miss Marie Aloisa Fisher, and spent much of her girlhood in Florence.

Near by is that of the Marquis and Marquise d'Andigné. The Marquise d'Andigné, who is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, was Miss Ives-Goddard of Philadelphia. She is keen on sports and never misses a race of any importance. She once got headlines because she owned a $3000 bull dog.

The Comte and Comtesse Roger de Perigny, née Thaw, have a private hotel at 29 Avenue de Messine.

One of the most astonishing and interesting

houses ever built by an American in Paris was that put up by the former Anna Gould, now the Duchesse Talleyrand, then the Marquise Boni de Castellane. This house on the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne is an exact reproduction of the Petit Trianon at Versailles except for its marble staircase, which is even more fearfully and wonderfully made than that of the Petit Trianon. The Duchesse entertains now only at small dinners which she gives in a dining room which was formerly the private theatre.

The Princesse Edmond de Polignac, who was Miss Winnaretta Singer, lives at 43 Avenue Henri-Martin. The princess has been so thoroughly absorbed into French society that she is rarely seen among Americans. She also owns a palace in Venice, where she spends most of her winters.

Near the Etoile, in the Square du Bois-de-Boulogne, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, who was Miss Harriet Crocker of San Francisco, owns number 21, and here she often entertains her niece, the Vicomtesse de Limur, and the Vicomte, who is attached to the French Embassy in London. Until recently, Mrs. Alexander's daughter, Mrs. Sheldon Whitehouse, also lived on the Avenue Henri-Martin with her husband, who was Councillor to the

American Embassy. Then Mr. Whitehouse was given the same post in Madrid and so the couple moved there. Mrs. Alexander has been decorated by the French government.

Many of the oldest private hôtels and most interesting historical collections are to be found in the old Faubourg St. Germain.

By no means the oldest collection, but one well worth seeing, is that installed by the Baron and Baronne Gourgaud in their residence, which is on an interior court at 77 Rue de Lille, just behind the Quai d'Orsay. Mme. Gourgaud was Miss Eva Gebhard before her marriage to the great-grandson of the General Gourgaud who followed Napoleon Bonaparte to exile on the island of St. Helena.

The entire furnishings of two rooms are from Fontainebleau and other royal palaces of the Empire. The walls of one are covered with white satin which was embroidered by hand for Josephine at the order of the Emperor. In the same room are furnishings made for the Empress Eugénie. Sharply contrasting with these surroundings is an unusual collection of modern paintings. In the entrance hall is a bust of Washington by Houdon.

The Baron and Baronne Gourgaud have recently installed a museum of Napoleonic relics on the Ile

d'Aix. The building is that from which the Emperor set out to surrender himself to the English after refusing his brother's offer to send him to the United States. The museum was inaugurated by the Minister of Beaux-Arts as the Musée Gourgaud and will be given to the French government.

Mrs. John A. Logan's private hotel has a majestic suite of rooms where Mrs. Logan has for many years received guests of international distinction. However, since her daughter now is married to General Maxwell, a descendant of Sir Walter Scott, and lives at Abbotsford, Scotland, Mrs. Logan spends much of her time in England and Scotland and her house is said to be for sale.

At 215 Boulevard St. Germain is the handsome house owned by Mrs. Seth Barton French. It was here that Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckles (known in France as Madame de Bretteville Spreckles because her mother was of the noble de Bretteville family) lived soon after the war and with the aid of Miss Loie Fuller, the dancer, dazzled Paris with splendid receptions and fêtes. She also purchased collections, some of which are in the Legion of Honor Temple which she has given to San Francisco.

Mrs. Spreckles now owns a house in Neuilly and her daughter, Mrs. Spencer Eddy, who has an

apartment at 17 Place des Etats-Unis in Paris, owns a country place at Deauville.

At 52 Rue Bassano near the Place d'Alma, is the home of Monsieur Henri Van Heukelom and his American wife. This house has been the setting for stormy events in its time. From it the former Madame Bardac stole away to run off with the composer, Debussy, whom she later married. It was also the scene of a duel long ago and during the World War a bomb fell on the roof and damaged many of the rooms on the inside court.

Mme. Ganna Walska McCormick, the prima donna wife of Harold McCormick of Chicago, has a sumptuous home on the Rue de Lubeck. The place of honor in her long low-ceilinged reception room is occupied by a grand piano and the house is a rendezvous for music lovers.

At 9 Rue Monsieur is a fine private hotel recently purchased by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.

Mrs. H. Herman Harjes, wife of the late banking partner of Morgan and Company, has a home at 16 Rue de la Faisanderie, close to the Bois. Mrs. Harjes, who was Frederica Berwind before her marriage, has the Croix de Guerre and is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. She owns the Château d'Abondant also. The mother of two grown sons,

she is one of the most beautiful and youthful-looking women in the American colony.

Mrs. Lucy Cooper-Hewitt, who was Miss Lucy Work, and who is known internationally for her charities, has a home on the same street as the Harjes residence, at number 85. Mrs. Hewitt is a sister of the Comtesse de Jumilhac.

The Baron and Baronne André de Neuflize have a home at 36 Boulevard Maillot in Neuilly, much admired for the handsome old carved wood panelings which have been installed, and for an antique staircase set off by a wall covered with Chinese corimandel screens.

The joy of a house in Paris or its environs is that you can have a garden. French gardeners are cheap and usually artists capable of producing remarkable effects in a tiny space.

Everybody with a garden in France has meals served out of doors in summer weather, on awninged terraces or small platforms built for the purpose. To make home-owning more enchanting when insect pests were being handed out, France was skipped. Imagine a mosquito-less, fly-less garden!

Three Rooms and Bath

A FRIEND of ours who once tried to find an apartment in Paris says it is almost as difficult as getting a diplomatic post. The trouble all began after the war. Building had stopped during the struggle, the *franc* had fallen and the best of the apartments on the market had been snatched up by rich Americans and other foreigners at the old rate of exchange.

Later, landlords began to discriminate against their own countrymen because they could make foreigners pay more. At length a law was passed forcing them to rent vacant apartments instead of keeping them empty for higher-priced tenants and conditions improved a little.

Finally, a fifty per cent augmentation in prices on pre-war contracts was permitted. The increase will take place every two years until 1931 when all pre-war leases will be cancelled. Meantime, a law is also contemplated which would raise all rents.

It is well to know that feeling is strong against any foreigner, especially an American who lives in a pre-war contract apartment. The landlord of one American woman married to a Frenchman has spent considerable money trying to prove her an American citizen in order to make her move. Since she is married to a Frenchman, his efforts are fruitless for the law considers her French.

There are still some amazing apartment bargains. We know Americans in the Latin Quarter who pay six dollars a month for large studios with kitchenettes and baths.

Before you take an apartment, you ought to know a little about strange French laws. They can compel one, for instance, to leave furniture in the apartment to the value of the rent still owed on the lease. You cannot give notice you are leaving in six months and then begin to move out your furniture; nor can you move furniture to your summer cottage unless you put up a money guarantee.

Then there is the strange *reprise* idea. A man, we will say, has a long lease on an unfurnished apartment which an American wishes to sublet. The occupant can refuse to sell the lease or re-rent without a *reprise*—that is, a large disproportionate

sum which must be paid to him for his furniture. The fact that you want an unfurnished apartment makes no difference. You may take the furniture or leave it, but pay you must in any case. A French comic paper recently depicted an artist who couldn't sell his pictures, leasing a string of apartments and then putting a big *reprise* on his art so that the person who wanted an apartment had to buy the pictures to get it.

Be careful not to be gold-bricked. Any contract, even one apparently bearing the stamp of the French Republic and to all appearances signed by the manager of the apartment house, should be passed on by a lawyer before money changes hands.

A Russian, seemingly of good birth, offered Prince Youssoupoff, also Russian, the lease for a five-room apartment in the Avenue Victor Emanuel for only 23,000 *francs,* payable in advance. Without looking at the place, the prince, who knew the smart neighborhood and the building, signed an official-looking lease, sure that he was getting a place worth at least 60,000 *francs.* He then turned over the 23,000 *francs.* But when he went to look at his new home, the *concierge* told him there hadn't been a vacancy from ground floor to attic for years.

The preliminary to finding an apartment is to inquire among your friends in the city. There also are French renting agents and the newspapers carry advertisements.

The Rosalind Wheeler real estate office, in the Elysée building at 56 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, rents and sells. The office is associated with Seaman and Pendergast, successful women real estate operators in New York City. In accordance with French business custom, Miss Wheeler takes her commission from the seller or renter.

Unfurnished apartments are usually leased for three, six or nine years and six months' notice must be given of intention to move. Also two hours a day must be set aside when the apartment may be shown. The technicalities involved in breaking a lease by either side are so complicated that litigation may go on for months to an unpredictable conclusion.

The most satisfactory apartments are those taken over from friends who are moving, or from friends' friends, providing the owner permits subletting. All negotiations have to be accomplished through the *concierge,* only the final lease being signed with the owner. The *concierge* makes her largest revenues off changes in apartments, and often accepts

pourboires from many seekers before she finally makes up her mind to rent.

Be sure to realize she can keep you out if she wants to and that she is influenced by your personality as well as your money. Don't, however, give her any money until you are actually ready to sign the lease and then only a small tip and the promise of ten per cent of the month's rent when everything is arranged and you have moved in. It is also necessary to fee her—every month, at the rate of about twenty-five *francs* per thousand *francs* of rent.

Christmas you will be expected to bestow a sum equal to ten per cent of the month's rent; also to give presents to the *concierge's* children, the mailman, everybody who has ever brought even a peanut to your apartment and probably to the man who cleans the street in front of your house.

Furnished apartments, sometimes filled with priceless antiques, are often available for limited periods, such as the summer months. Those furnished solely for renting purposes are likely to be rather dreadful—done often in wild modernistic furnishings or in very cheap imitation of the classic French style.

Furnished apartments may be divided into those

with *conforts modernes,* which means bath and steam heat, and those without. More and more modern apartments are available every year. Location is almost as important as the *conforts modernes* in determining price. Apartments in the Etoile section are the most expensive and those near the Place de la République the cheapest. The middle-priced districts are near the Invalides, Champs de Mars and Gare St. Lazare.

Around Montparnasse, beautiful new studio apartments a story and a half tall have been fitted out for short-term leases. These, including a salon, a bed room, dining balcony and lots of plumbing, can be leased for eighty dollars a month and up. They are completely furnished, from bed linens to piano. Only, of course, if you want any extras you will have to pay for them—100 *francs* a month for an extra bed, say.

In such apartments, maid service by the hour can be engaged through the *concierge.* The chief drawback to quarters with conveniences in Montparnasse or the Latin Quarter is that all your bathroomless friends will rush in to use your tub. We know American girls whose apartments are filled with bathing artists and writers from morning until night.

All the same, it is interesting to furnish baths to dukes, revolutionists, employees of the Soviet propaganda bureau and exiled royalty—as you will if you keep lavish open house in the Bohemian Quarter. The cheapest apartments there, by the way, often have no lavatories, so that occupants must sometimes go up or downstairs to find one and to the public baths for ablutions. Other apartments have studios in one ell and bedrooms across the courtyards in another.

If you make much noise in a Paris apartment, no matter how well you stand in with the *concierge,* your neighbors will leave complaining notes under your doors in the morning. You can play musical instruments only until ten o'clock except for one night a month when you may play until twelve. And once a year you may riot later provided you warn the *concierge* in advance that you are giving your annual party.

The *concierge* must be deferred to in every way. She will make frightful noises rolling cans around in the morning, thus murdering sleep, but it will be useless to protest. However, if you can't get her to let you in at night in answer to your shouts call the policeman at the corner and he will beat on the door until she grumblingly admits you. She

sometimes is asleep, sometimes, if you have not been generous, simply disagreeable. If this happens to you and others often, complain to the agent or renter, that is if you can find out who he is. If you don't tip well, a disagreeable *concierge* is capable of making it difficult for you to get your packages and mail. Also, she often keeps vicious watch dogs!

French taxes run up. Pianos, billiard tables and fancy dogs are taxed and also house servants. This last tax ascends with the number of servants.

The Helen Scott Bureau will furnish you with servants. The bureau collects a commission from the domestics so the service to you is free. But a good way to placate the *concierge* is to let her find your domestic staff.

French maids are almost always entertaining (although one we knew always got drunk when company came), and you can afford to be entertained because they cost so little. Housemaids and cooks can be had for $12.50 a month—unusually good ones for from $16.00 to $17.50. French families pay less.

Cooks get five per cent commission from grocery and other stores on everything they buy so of course they insist on doing the marketing, though

French ladies always accompany their servants to market. Your cook will also find ways of making a few cents now and then off you and the total probably will amount to six dollars a season. She may purloin sugar, matches and bread, a little at a time, return empty milk bottles and pocket the refund or do the laundry which is supposed to be sent out and absorb the extra pay.

You must give your servants a dollar extra a month for wine and for holidays and must be sure to remember any function in their families. For funerals, they expect ten *francs* extra.

It is possible to get maids by the hour, married women especially being glad to come, even from the other side of Paris. You may pay their fare if you like—probably thirty-five or fifty *centimes* in the Métro. They receive from three *francs* fifty to four *francs* an hour, depending on experience.

Many apartments inhabited mainly by French people use the *concierge* and her husband for special *valet* and *chef* service. In one apartment, the *concierge's* husband, once the butler for a very rich family, cooked dinner for the entire apartment house each day, serving for those who had guests. The cooking was done in his own kitchen and brought up steaming hot.

If you want a satisfied cook, have your main meal at noon and a light supper in the evening. The conventional plan for French meals is *brioche* and coffee for breakfast; for lunch, *hors-d'œuvres*, an *entrée* of fish or meat, a vegetable, stewed or fresh fruit and cheese. Neither soup nor salad is served at lunch. These are reserved for the evening meal. If that meal is supper, the soup and salad are supplemented by a pudding. If it is dinner, then the menu is soup, fish, roast, vegetable, salad and dessert (pudding or ice) and coffee.

For tea you may have *brioche*, sweetbread, or French pastry (the only time it is ever served!), tea or coffee and port wine.

In every American section there are candy shops with American products and grocery stores run by the French which carry all your favorite brands of cereals, canned goods and sauces. If the French make the same thing, get it, for it is cheaper and usually just as good. They never make prepared cereals.

Les Halles, the great French market, has certain days when you can buy wonderful fish. Other days are sacred to vegetables. Monday is flower day and you ought on that day to buy enough flowers for the week. No good French house-

keeper ever comes from market without the bouquet which is as necessary to her household as the garlic with which everything is seasoned.

All marketing is done in such tiny quantities that there is usually just enough for the day. That obviates the need for an ice box, which is just as well for there aren't any. If anything should be left over, the French assume it can be kept outside on the window sill. Wine and water are cooled under the cold-water faucet.

Most kitchens have only a cold-water spigot, so that a huge tea kettle must always be kept on the stove. Sometimes there is a tank. In the bathroom is usually a so-called instantaneous heater which ignites with a loud explosion. Many Americans rent an apartment or a small house for six or eight dollars a month and make it over with steam heat, hot water and clean walls.

Few apartment houses have elevators or dumbwaiters but the French don't seem to mind running up and down steps. There are never any vacuum cleaners or carpet sweepers in the furnished apartments and the brooms are strange—very long and tied together. You may rent a vacuum cleaner for seventy-five cents a day. There are often both coal and gas stoves and the gas stoves

have excellent compartments to keep things hot.

Laundry work is cheaper if it is done on the premises and the clothes fare better. Certain laundries which iron beautifully do the washing down by the Seine and rub the garments on rocks so that they go to pieces after one or two washings. Most laundries also use strong soaps which injure the fabrics, but your underwear will always come back so beautifully pleated you won't recognize it, if that is any comfort!

At Home Abroad

ONE day when you are sitting, warm and cozy, in your steam-heated American hotel near the Place de l'Opéra, an expatriate friend will drop in for tea and stay, drinking up your best liqueurs, until she has convinced you that you ought to move to a *pension* or else in with a French family in order to "get the good" of being in Paris.

If you speak only English, hear only American gossip, and spend your days watching for New York mail or shopping on the Rue de la Paix, what profit your sojourn in the French capital, she will argue.

And, of course, her premise is sound. Certainly one should try to learn as much as possible about the people, language and customs of a foreign land, and the most entertaining way to do this is to live among natives. Two months' constant association with the international group in a *pension* or with a lively French family, supplemented by your own private study of a good grammar (we recommend

Hugo's) will give you a more fluent and idiomatic French than many expensive courses at the Sorbonne.

Also, you will make French friends and if you stay long enough, gain a real knowledge of the Gallic mind, personality and culture.

A list of *pension* and family possibilities is always on file at the American University Union, 173 Boulevard Saint-Germain and lists may also be had from the Sorbonne information bureau (Bureau des Renseignements), the Alliance Française, 101 Boulevard Raspail, the American University Women's Club, 4 Rue de Chevreuse, and such French tourist bureaus as the French Bureau for European Travel at 26 Avenue de l'Opéra.

The French Bureau even has an office in the building of the French Institute at 22 East Sixtieth Street, New York City, where preliminaries may be arranged before sailing. A good plan is to select five or six families or *pensions* where prices and personnel seem most suitable, and visit them all before deciding on any one.

Since the war, almost every type of French household welcomes paying guests. The rates vary from fifty to eighty *francs* a day, depending on neighborhood and completeness of service offered.

The *pension* rates usually do not run quite so high.

In a *pension,* the lodger is freer, less bound to conform to family customs. But on the other hand, she never gains an understanding of the French as does that one who has been accepted as a member of a family.

Two American girls we know spent a thrilling winter as paying guests in the great house of a war-impoverished Paris elegant in the Rue de Varenne of the aristocratic Saint-Germain section. Portraits of the children of the household done by Boutet de Monvel smiled down from the walls of the salons and impressive old family armor and medieval war banners hung in the great marble entrance hall.

Through diplomatic connections wealthy American fathers are sometimes able thus to place their daughters in distinguished French families where for a winter or two they have *entrée* into the most cultivated French society and make contacts which would be impossible under any other circumstances. But this opportunity is not common and parents whose children have enjoyed it are besieged by friends wanting to learn how to make similar arrangements for their own *jeunes filles.*

Every quarter of Paris offers homes and *pensions.*

A student at the Sorbonne who must make a nine o'clock class every morning will naturally not choose the Etoile section nor Passy, no matter how alluring the inducements. For her, the Saint-Germain section (not too far beyond the Pont Royale), the district of the Luxembourg Gardens, or the section between the Quais Voltaire and Saint-Michel facing the Seine will be more accessible.

If lecture hours do not hamper, there is Passy, near the Place Victor Hugo or perhaps one of the many streets running into the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne, or the romantic, tree-shaded Avenue Henri-Martin. Plenty of busses and good Métro service are available in these sections of the upper bourgeoisie. If time is no object, family life in Neuilly, Paris' smartest suburb, is delightful, especially in the spring or early fall.

The real adventurer will like a Left Bank *pension,* not too far from the iniquitous corner of Montparnasse and Raspail, or else the Latin Quarter proper near the Sorbonne. Here may be found at one and the same time that glamorous Bohemia for which Paris is noted, and yet enough respectability to satisfy any snooping maiden aunts.

One advantage of such a *pension* is its rate—thirty-five to sixty *francs* a day.

Among the hostesses we inspected when we were looking for a French family of our own were two quaint old ladies who might have stepped out of Daudet and who, we were sure, could have held us breathless on long winter evenings with tales of what happened to their grandmother during the revolution. But alas, the two felt they could not allow us to keep our cat, Fifi. They were desolated when we told them that life without Fifi would be barren, but at the same time assured us that life with Fifi would be impossible for them.

We also called upon the charming wife of an old French professor on the Ile de la Cité within view of the towers of Notre Dame. She had a house full of relics of the eldest son's diplomatic days in Stamboul, but we took a trial meal and her cook was terrible. We noticed, too, that she had indigestion and reluctantly decided to save ourselves from the same complaint.

Finally we chose a large lively family—father, mother and six half-grown vivacious children. They were great fun, but rather strenuous when one needed to read or study.

Personal preferences and practical considerations, such as bathroom conveniences, must govern the ultimate decision.

For a young unmarried woman, a household with several sons dominated by a clever, socially-inclined mother is to be recommended. If there are several young men of other nationalities also living with the family, so much the better.

Since one of the chief reasons for entering a French family is to learn the language, the boarder ought to be very certain that the hosts speak educated French and are willing to help with recalcitrant verbs and adjectives. And let her beware of a household where they want to learn English! They will learn it, all right, but at the expense of her French. They are a determined people, those Gauls!

Food is a most important consideration when choosing a permanent boarding home. While French restaurants serve the best food in the world, individual cooking is not always so successful. Gelett Burgess once said that he would as soon lick paste off a billboard as eat the average French family dish—and so would we all. It is therefore advisable to get asked to a trial meal. Sunday dinner, when every Parisian housekeeper serves her most intricate sauces, is a good test.

If you find a family satisfactory in every way except food, it may be possible to negotiate a sep-

arate arrangement—something extra and American out of a can every day from the pantry. This will not be so easy at a *pension,* though once in awhile, you may be able to have special food prepared there, too.

At the *pension*, every one dines at either one long table or at several community tables scattered through two or three rooms. The food is brought hot to those who come on time or are particularly generous in the matter of *pourboires.*

No matter how cheap the room, your breakfast will be served luxuriously in bed. But you may get only one clean napkin a week and clean bed linen but once in three weeks or even four, unless you are willing to pay to have sheets laundered oftener.

Usually this can be arranged, but all must be done before moving in. No Frenchwoman will consider it indelicate of her prospective lodger to inquire how often the bed and table linens are changed and how many towels a week are allowed. That is merely practical.

Almost no French apartment owned by a Frenchman has steam heat, and the furnaces, if any, are old-fashioned and productive more often of draughts than warmth. Usually one room is

heated during the cold season by a coal-burning stove around which both family and boarders gather. Bedrooms are often both damp and frigid.

Many a dazzled American has proudly acquired a gorgeously furnished boudoir with canopied bed, Aubusson carpet, crystal candelabra and private balcony only to discover later that it was not heated at all.

If there is a stove, one must find out whether fuel is extra and whether the maid will make the fire. Nine times out of ten the lodger is expected to buy his own *charbon* and wood and tip the maid besides for building the fire.

Baths are usually extra, too. The elegant Du Barry chamber which rents so reasonably will undoubtedly have a small *cabinet de toilette* which is an alcove containing a dressing table and the numerous basins, ewers, china pitchers and soap dishes which the French consider indispensable for a weekly wash-up.

Usually, there is also a bath about—perhaps a tremendous affair large enough to accommodate a grand piano. The walls and tiled floor are often beautifully decorated but in addition to the small tub, crowded into one corner, the room may hold the family sewing machine, tool-chest, spare parts

for last year's Citröen and maybe an old broken-down sofa or chair.

Madame will hastily explain that all this debris is to be removed for the winter and everything made tidy for the incoming *pensionnaires*. And since she believes the English and Americans to be as dependent upon baths for their strength as Samson was upon his long hair, she probably will try to charge eight or nine *francs* per bath. She can, however, be beaten down to five. And in the cheaper *pensions*, the rate oughtn't to be more than three.

Of course, few Americans living in France maintain the habit of a bath a day, for instead of piping hot water from an ever-ready spigot, the French tub will prove to be an antiquated affair supplied by a tank which must be lit at least three-quarters of an hour in advance—or worse yet, a system with a burner running under the tin tub to heat the water which is poured in by the bucketful.

After resolutely trying the morning bath for a week or so, you will resign yourself to one or two a week, making the rest of your ablutions in the hand-painted bowl and depending upon the maid to supply an extra iron ewer full of hot water morning and evening. This method supplemented

by a good sponge is not so bad once you get used to it.

In a *pension* it is best to arrange to bathe at odd hours in the morning or afternoon if classes or working hours permit. Otherwise there is an endless waiting line, and each waiter is finally rewarded by a teaspoonful of cold water. The public baths are a great institution for the *pension* dweller. At least they always have plenty of hot water and clean towels.

Most large French families keep at least three maids. Each one must be tipped every month and the amount should be settled in advance. Ten *francs* a month for each maid is top price and this with ten *francs* for the *concierge* who lets you in nights and attends to mail and packages is all that should be expected.

Few French apartments or even *pensions* are equipped with telephone but often arrangements can be made to use the telephone of the family upstairs or across the street in case there is no near-by corner café or post office.

American student *pensionnaires* sometimes wander in groups up and down Paris with their communal bag and baggage, living in a different *pension* each month, taking up each other's quarrels

and clinging together like Swiss mountain climbers from the Rue Notre Dame de Champs to the Rue St.-Jacques.

One place they leave because Madame gives them only three clean towels a month instead of the advertised four. The next place is clean and comfortable as *pensions* go but the house is old and so damp that mold collects on the clothes.

At still another *pension,* glorified by one bath room for thirty-five people, life is unbearable because four times a week at least the menu is *crème caramel, poireaux* (the poor man's asparagus) and *raie,* the last a flat square fish with a multiplicity of bones.

At another, one of the French boarders keeps a pet owl which hoots at night and a tame turtle which is constantly getting loose and promenading in other people's rooms.

With all the discomforts, personal service in a *pension* or private home is usually better than you can get in this country at any but the finest hotels and if you stay long enough in any one place, the landlady and servants will begin to regard you as their child, celebrating your birthday with cakes and remembering your special tastes.

At most student *pensions* there is great con-

viviality after dinner when coffee is served in the salon, where it is considered gracious for everybody to gather for a few minutes in the evening. Lively and amusing gossip about the other people living under the roof is the order of the day at this relaxed hour over the coffee cups.

It is then that the rumor is passed along of the romance between the Mussulman from Damascus and Madame's daughter, or the quarrel between the Greek in the fourth floor back and the Albanian who has the parlor bedroom.

Your appearance in the salon may incidentally forestall a few inaccurate rumors about your own past, for rest assured that what is not actually known about you will be surmised.

The question of social conduct in the *pension* is difficult because customs differ according to the section and what is permissible south of the Pont Carrousel is not necessarily *comme il faut* in the more rarefied atmosphere surrounding the Arc-de-Triomphe or Saint-Germain.

One thing is certain—manners matter more than morals, regardless of the *pension's* geography. Even late hours and a baby victrola are forgiven the democratic *jeune fille américaine* who never fails

with a bright smile and a cheery "*Comment ça va.*" The French love good cheer and courtesy.

In the student quarter where everybody is accustomed to Americans and other foreigners and willing to take them according to their own free and easy social standards, it is considered quite all right for four or five couples to foregather in somebody's *pension* bedroom after dinner to make coffee in a Turkish coffee machine or an American electric percolator.

The French now concede that American women and girls alone in Paris can, with perfect respectability and decorum, conduct themselves as French girls could not. For instance, this year's model Gallic landlady may urge her American boarder to go out to a concert with a young man in the evening and suggest leaving the key in the mailbox for her.

Yet a girl we know came back one night from dancing at the Café du Dome with her landlady's son and found the landlady in hysterics. So discretion is still the better part of valor.

There are some items that will help to the desired ending of guest and landlady living happily for duration of tenancy.

First, tenant must neither borrow nor lend money. Second, she must pay all her bills on time. Third, she must avoid confiding or listening to confidences.

Money causes many international ructions. We know a French woman who lent an American lodger five hundred francs to get home on. The girl promised to return the money as soon as she reached New York, but never did. The woman, to whom the sum represented much more than it would to an American, is now soured on the entire nation, from President Hoover down. And another friend of ours who confided not wisely and too freely barely escaped spending a while in a French jail as a result of a landlady's misapprehension.

If, by the way, you want a change in the summer time from your Paris *pension,* you will find in the suburbs and in the countryside surrounding Paris, delightful boarding houses of all prices—easily reached by train from the city and suitable for summer commuting. Here you will have the best opportunity to meet the older European, the aristocrat, for after the Grand Prix, everybody in Paris who is anybody leaves town even if the change means only a *pension* at St. Cloud or St. Germain.

Russians, Swiss, Viennese and Germans of the educated classes are also to be met in these *pensions* under the most pleasant social conditions.

In St. Germain are all kinds and conditions of *pensions,* some with private balconies attached to bedrooms, all with gardens, summer houses and terraces.

As idyllic as life in a private villa and not half so much trouble is your existence at Le Refuge, one of the St. Germain *pensions* where for two dollars a day plus village taxes you may enjoy a *cuisine* as elaborate as the Ritz, tea served on the lawn or in the summer house and the company of the best class of prosperous Russian merchants or French *bourgeoisie.*

At Fontainebleau are many cheap *pensions* mostly given over in summer to American students at the Fontainebleau summer school of music and fine arts. Here for amusement you may ride horseback or hire a carriage and go prancing through the forest which was for centuries a royal hunting preserve of France's kings and queens.

The Human Element

THE *pensions* in Paris and environs harbor a conglomerate medley of all the nations of Europe and the Near and Far East. Certain streets, such as the Grande-Chaumière, where sculptors abound, have a specialized *cliéntèle,* but specialized only as to professions or arts, not as to nationality.

From the Boul' Mich to the Rue du Bac and especially on streets facing the Luxembourg Gardens, the *pension* patrons form a veritable League of Nations.

In one *pension* with which we are familiar, fifteen nationalities dine and argue above the dirty cloth at one long table each evening. Poland under the old régime is represented by a former Count who always wears (though often everything else he owns is pawned) a seal ring stamped with a coronet.

There are a glum but generous Bulgarian; a flighty young Hungarian Baron whose mother's American blood was not sufficient to offset the

adventurous romantic strain of his father's line; a lively German girl with scars on her muscular arms, where revolutionary knives nicked her while she was getting milk for her younger sisters and brothers during the riots in Nuremberg; a Turk, an Armenian, a Jap and natives of Scandinavia, Russia, Roumania, South Africa, South America, Spain, Portugal and the United States. These all get on amicably enough except for frequent hot discussions over the relative merits of impressionism versus cubism!

By common consent, everybody avoids political arguments, or else carries them on in the spirit of scientific debate. Those who have suffered most from the downfall of rulers and the overthrow of state councils are particularly anxious to keep the peace and refuse to argue.

We heard an Irishman and an American dispute hotly one night about what a man thinks of before he is executed. In the midst of the argument, so violent that we feared china would be thrown, a young Russian, ordinarily of somber mien, broke into loud laughter and got up from the table.

A Dutch South African then ended the conflict and set everybody else laughing by roaring at the top of his lungs: "After all, though, isn't it a ques-

tion of whether the voman you luff, luffs you?"

We found out later that the Russian had escaped from a Bolshevik prison after incredible hardships and hazards, including two narrow escapes from execution, and that the Dutchman, a veteran of the Boer War, had been stood up against a wall before a firing squad at one point in his career. Over vodka in a café, he afterwards told the hot-headed Irishman (whose father was a shipowner subletting to rum-runners!) that all he had noticed while waiting to be executed was how the mustaches of one of the guardsmen quivered!

To the unprejudiced, the *pension* offers the best possible opportunity to study one's fellow men and for the artist or the girl with literary ambitions, such chances are immensely worth while. At the same time, reasonable discretion is necessary so that you will not be misunderstood at the beginning.

You will not actually be in any danger but you may be uncomfortable for awhile if you are thoughtless. The blithe way in which stupid, unthinking girls in Paris get out of situations into which they have precipitated themselves proves that cats are not the only ones among God's creatures who always fall on their feet!

Certainly, the best to be gained from a sensible

friendship with foreign men will always be beyond your reach unless you are both wise and deliberate. To classify foreign men generally is silly from one point of view because every nationality includes good and bad, reliable and romantic. And even a casual study proves to the wide-eyed American girl that few European men are as the United States supposes them to be.

Yet, since Europeans generalize by labelling all American men as rich, unimaginative and imbecilically good-natured, why should we not hazard a few light-hearted generalizations about Europeans gathered from our own and many friends' experiences? Well, then! We'll begin with the English as being more like our own men.

An English Oxford student, in Paris to study, makes a delightful companion for tea dances, provided he is well off. An Englishman is impossible unless he has enough money. Lack of it does something terrible to his self-respect and in the end he takes this feeling out on whatever is nearest. Englishmen are usually younger for their age than American men. They are likely to be reserved until they become really interested—then they melt all of a sudden and as completely as icicles during a thaw.

An Englishman is always sentimental. Don't be surprised if he shows you his baby shoes or the heart-shaped locket he has carried on a charm since he was sixteen.

Wear your best evening clothes whenever he invites you to dine and dance, even though you only tour Montmartre, where collegiate Americans wear sports clothes. If you really want to please him, be nice to his sister, especially if she is homely. Don't talk of the recent war to the older Englishman, especially if he saw distinguished service, for he will grow embarrassed and self-conscious. Strangely enough, however, if he has seen service in the far-flung Empire, interest in this part of his career will be appreciated, and he will unroll thrilling tales.

Many Englishmen met in Paris are studying for the consular service and take themselves and their duty to their country most seriously. The more aristocratic, self-exiled-from-the-homeland-because-of-a-preference-for-France, man-of-the-world type, combines the best features of the dignified considerate Briton and the tolerant Frenchman.

Conservative and well-balanced American women always take to Swiss men. They are usually

good dancers, good at sports—good, in fact, at anything. They take their affairs hard so don't try light flirtations with them. Their object, if interested at all, is matrimony. They do not spend wildly to show off, but prudently set aside a reasonable sum for fêting and courting. They expect faithfulness and are faithful themselves, devoting themselves entirely to the ladies they fancy.

The South American is dangerous because, having plenty of money and being willing to spend it, he is generally spoiled by women. He likes to tour about the Left Bank in his Hispano-Suiza looking for American flappers to pick up. NEVER be one of these, no matter how young, attractive and well-bred he may look. And never go out with him except in a crowd, for he is impetuous and hot-headed. He is also fickle, but a delightful person to know if you are well-protected by Mamma and are fond of orchids and tea at the Ritz. He dances divinely!

Italians are neither so perilous nor so false as they are reputed to be. The Neapolitan is considered by his own countrymen much more dangerous than the Roman or Florentine but you will find exceptions. The Milanese have many points in common with the Germans. Everywhere in

Europe you hear of hot-blooded southern Italians who knife American girls for playing fast and loose with their affections, but you seldom see the victims or, indeed, anybody who *has* seen them.

The aristocratic Italian is said to be interested in an American girl only if he thinks she is rich but apparently he thinks we all are. He is adorably sweet and understanding and can be an ideal lover. He attaches great importance to a woman's constancy but looks pained if she suggests that constancy ought to work both ways.

Some Italians are liberal-minded but others hopefully believe that the young woman who goes about alone cannot be quite good. The Italian is the best dancer in Europe and a much better companion indoors than out. On mountain climbing, for instance, he is likely to turn a little green. Don't take him seriously when he talks of duels for love of you or asks you to elope. Just keep out of his way for a week and he will forget all about it. He is a touching and prolific letter writer.

The nobility of Austria, Hungary and Poland have much in common. All are extremely sophisticated, so don't think for one minute that you can put anything over on them. Austrians and Poles are more intense and serious-minded than

Hungarians, who are much as portrayed by Adolphe Menjou—fond of doing crazy romantic stunts that look more indiscreet than they actually are. They are also generous and will bring you champagne, roses and perfume when they must go hungry to do it.

They are prone to propose excursions to this or that European summer resort, but can easily be put off the track by a little light fencing. They are admirable for indefinite mild flirtations. Both Austrians and Poles make good playfellows but moody husbands.

The Russian brand of man, plentiful just now in Paris, is interesting and cultivated. Like his American brother he is considerate of women and sometimes used to being dominated by them. He is generous when he has money and resents it if you try to pay your own way. He likes to be host and play the elegant. If he falls in love, his intentions are honorable and American girls who marry Russians are often very happy.

Swedes and Scandinavians are not so cold and phlegmatic as they are generally believed to be, as you will soon discover if one falls in love with you. When they come to Paris to study art, they usually go radical and advocate companionate marriage

among other advanced ideas. They are not so easy to get acquainted with as many of the other European types, but once known, they make interesting café companions for they will discuss one abstract theme all night.

To your surprise, you will find many Germans quite sentimental and romantic. You will resent the radical ones less than the aristocratic type who still consider women inferior and will try to dominate you.

The younger radicals are not unlike Americans. Mostly they are fond of sports and community singing. They take some of their new youth notions very hard, so keep out of arguments with them. And don't, oh, don't invite them to any gathering where there are English or Italians. Furthermore, don't go to dances with them. They whirl you round and round until you are breathless, but they are marvellous companions for concerts and the opera.

Educated Chinese and Siamese are delightfully interesting at large gatherings, but don't shock their sense of formality or try levity on them. Consider their acquaintance in the light of special education and you will benefit. They are pitifully grateful for simple courtesy, so be kind to those you

meet and never fear that they may take advantage of it.

Although you will meet many foreigners, your staples in the way of admirers in Paris will be Frenchmen and your fellow Americans.

No more diverting and fascinating male exists than the aristocratic Parisian. Unfortunately, you are not likely to meet one of these unless he is unhappily married or has turned radical since the war.

If the first, he is capable of real Platonic friendship tinged with a gentle sentimentality and he will send flowers and offer all varieties of customary attentions in ways that somehow seem different.

Many well-educated young aristocrats have affiliated themselves with the extreme radicals since the war. These are also fascinating, though not so safe as the unhappily married ones. In both cases it is just as well to make clear from the start that your affections are already engaged—whether they are or not—in order to save complications.

The young French *bourgeoisie* are simple-hearted and resemble South Germans. They do not go in for unrestrained expenditures, and like the formalities to be preserved. Usually they come to call wearing gloves and high white collars. They are

given to stiff bouquets and dressy little theatre parties. If they seem anxious for you to meet the family, beware; for that means matrimonial intentions and the whole family will feel slighted if you are introduced and then fail to marry their pride and joy.

The American man resident in Paris (except the student who is not there long enough to change) is entirely different from the home variety. He allows—nay, even expects—you to pay your own way when you go out with him and sometimes seems to expect you to pay for him, too. He adopts the polite surface manners and gestures of the Frenchman and a little of the French idea about women, too. He is likely to have a good many half-baked radical theories about love and probably will want to try them out on you. The best way to handle him is to remind him that you both came from Paris, Missouri, or Marietta, Ohio.

We do not generalize here about Eskimos and Australian Bushmen because our friends report that as far as they know these gentlemen stay at home.

The women you meet in Paris, at *pensions* or about town, range from exiled princesses to brewers' widows.

At Etretat once, we ran on to a fascinating

bitter-tongued old woman who might have escaped from a Bernard Shaw play. She was the wife of a former French ambassador to the court of Franz Josef during the height of Viennese glory. And the belle of St. Germain all one summer was a butcher's widow with sky-blue eyes and snow-white hair. But to be perfectly frank, we were much more interested in the male human element than the female in Paris, and felt much safer studying the former than the latter, too.

Every variety of feminine bore—neurotic, panhandler and actual crook—seems to turn up in the American quarter in Paris from time to time ready to prey on your time, your sympathies or your pocketbook. On the boat going over, in your hotel, *pension* or French family you will meet horrible creatures—some perverse in ways you never heard of back home, others merely down on their luck and feeling very, very sorry for themselves. Don't flatter yourself that you can change or help any of these miserable victims of fate. In the end they will be more likely to influence you and at the risk of sounding un-Christian and heartless, we advise you to be hard-boiled, saving philanthropy and social service work for the homeland.

Sometime You'll be Homesick

THE Iowan who once spoke to us in the Café de la Paix would have looked like a nice, plump middle-aged cherub if he hadn't been so obviously downcast.

We were reading American papers and he kept looking at us. Finally he came over and said: "Excuse me, but I know you ladies are American and I've got to talk English to somebody. I'm so homesick I could die."

Then he told us that his wife had been mad at him for three days and not speaking. Finally, though at home he always shaved himself, he went to a barber shop where there was an American barber, just to have somebody to talk to. He waited two hours only to find at last that the American barber was out for the day!

And so, though at first, in your enthusiasm for France and the French, you may not miss America and Americans, a day will come when there will be no letters from home, and you too will long to

hear your mother tongue. Suddenly you will be conscious of a heart-heaviness and finally it will dawn upon you that you are homesick.

Well, cheer up. Somebody has pointed out that Paris contains an American Village of some 10,000 inhabitants and we can assure you that in this village it is possible to find the comforts, sociability and protection of any Middle Western town.

Perhaps the best way to cheer you quickly is to feed you *à la américaine*. Maybe you've never learned that you can get banana splits on the Boulevard des Italiens, fried chicken Maryland on the Avenue de la Bourdonnais and griddle cakes at 15 Carrefour de l'Odéon!

Sam's at 26 Boulevard des Italiens is the central point of interest on the ice cream soda map of Paris. Here Americans who never learn to prefer *vin ordinaire* to chocolate soda can order their favorite soft drink mixture at a real American soda fountain. Like other Yankee philanthropic organizations in Paris, Sam's is a survival of war times. A pre-Volstead bar for home-town cocktails and such indispensable dishes as pork and beans, griddle cakes, corned-beef hash and club sandwiches complete the picture.

The Chicago-Texas Inn at 34 Avenue de la

Bourdonnais is smaller and more informal than Sam's, but what a cook! The Inn specializes in Maryland fried chicken and Virginia ham with sweet potatoes. Grapefruit and corn on the cob also figure in the menus. This restaurant is run by a colored dining-car chef named Willis Morgan, who also served an apprenticeship in the Harvey restaurants of the West.

Floyd Gibbons, war correspondent, Sinclair Lewis and Mary McCormick, American prima donna at the Paris opera, often dine here when in town, as do other American celebrities who have the price. After dinner they may sit and smoke and talk to their fellow countrymen. Even senators and millionaires under the heartening influence of corned-beef hash, hot biscuits and cocoanut pie are inclined to wax democratic here.

The Little Brown Jug in the heart of the old Latin Quarter at 15 Carrefour de l'Odéon is furnished with early American settles and long tables. Excellent wheat cakes with maple syrup, waffles, fritters and pie are the attractions which draw hundreds, especially for breakfast.

The Elsa-Lee Tea Shop at 23 Rue Jacob serves American food California style, the owner being from that state.

Miss Peny, who is Irish but has lived in America, runs a soda fountain at 3 Place de la Madeleine which also serves chicken dinners *à l'américaine* and layer cake that puts French pastry to shame.

Try any or all of these and feel those blues begin to vanish. Then when your inner woman has been attended to, we shall show you where to have your hair washed. Every woman knows it's good medicine to wash her own hair when she's down in the dumps, but in Paris, with its hard water, there's no satisfaction to be had from that. Nor will you fare better if you visit a French establishment. The French give the loveliest marcels, finger waves and hair cuts in the world, but they still think a shampoo can be accomplished with a lot of sweet-smelling soap, a teacup full of water and plenty of *friction,* produced by an expensive perfumed tonic, chiefly alcohol.

But there are establishments that will give you real American shampoos with distilled water and a sun dry, the latter, that is, if you have time to wait for the Paris sun to shine. The prices seem only a little less than the cost of a steamship ticket home but the result is fine for both appearance and morale.

Elizabeth Arden carries on her good work at 2

Rue de la Paix, offering everything from face treatments to trick health exercises which really reduce. The Ogilvie Sisters, located in the Equitable Trust Building at the corner of the Rue de la Paix and the Avenue de l'Opéra, give a good shampoo and treatment, and at 5 Rue Cambon, Frances Fox gives careful oil shampoos, applying the soap hygienically with a sponge so that you come out feeling one hundred per cent clean from eyebrows to the nape of the neck for the first time since you sailed.

By now you ought to be ready for the companionship of your kind, so try first a frolic at the United States Students' and Artists' Club, otherwise known as the American Students' Club, 107 Boulevard Raspail, which is open to women on Thursday afternoons when *thés dansants* take place. Homelike social gatherings as comforting as long distance telephone talks with the folks back home in Missouri, are held on Sunday nights at the American University Women's Club, 4 Rue de Chevreuse, with a musical hour given by amateurs studying in Paris to become professionals and community sings during which everybody lustily roars "Dixie" and "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Afterward there is dancing to a rather weak improvised orchestra or to somebody's volunteer

piano playing. The whole entertainment is informal, with Lady Betty Foster, official Latin Quarter chaperon, sitting discreetly against the wall to receive the greetings of her artistic family. You can go to these affairs with another woman and need feel no sense of impropriety at being cut in on by a handsome Unknown, for the United States Students' and Artists' Club and all its activities are sponsored by the American Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity, in the Avenue George V, and to make for even greater respectability, one of the canons is its special godfather.

Thanksgiving Day is celebrated at the club by a turkey dinner, moderately priced, followed by a dance, and Washington's Birthday is also observed with a party. At these gatherings you are bound to meet somebody from the boat that brought you over, or a classmate from your university or a family from your home town.

The American Library is another cozy homelike place to browse about in on dour days. It is open from ten to ten on all week days except the usual French holidays and our own Fourth of July. Reading and reference privileges are free to all.

The library occupies two floors of a romantic old building at 10 Rue de l'Elysée overlooking the

President's palace. There is an excellent assortment of books for circulation as well as a reference department, American periodicals and a children's book section with small tables and chairs. There are about 2,750 card-holders, of whom only 995 are American, for the library is popular with the French, being the only place in Paris where books in English are available. It also lends books by parcel post to Americans travelling in Europe.

The director is Burton Stevenson who organized the library service at Camp Sherman, Ohio, during the war and later assumed general direction of the over-seas libraries. In fact, this collection is a survival of the American Library Service with the A.E.F. Now the library collection numbers 37,000 volumes. There is a department of American Law, also an Extension Division which makes American books available to teachers of American Literature in French universities and lycées.

The Reference Service on International Affairs publishes a fortnightly review, the *European Economic and Political Survey,* covering the principal political and economic events in Europe, which is useful for historical background. The Duchesse de Talleyrand is a patron of the library and the Comtesse de Chambrun (Nicholas Longworth's

sister Clara) is an annual member who uses the reference books freely.

Many American newspapers and fashion magazines have reading rooms in their Paris bureaus, where you may go to keep up on what's happening at home. Both the New York *Herald,* the most complete American paper published in Paris, and the Chicago *Tribune* have all the home editions as well as the special Paris editions on file. The Chicago *Tribune* also runs an invaluable information bureau at 5 Rue Scribe where, if you register, your name will go into the paper next day for the benefit of other friends travelling about Europe. The *Herald's* office at 49 Avenue de l'Opéra registers tourists, too.

The *Tribune* information bureau will obtain your *carte d'identité,* a document from the French police for which you must apply if you stay longer than two weeks in Paris, furnish shopping addresses, help find you a job, and in fact put you in touch with everything you want to know in Paris. *Vogue, Harper's Bazar* and the *Ladies' Home Journal* also have reading and writing rooms and the New York *Times* maintains particularly luxurious quarters at 16 Rue de la Paix.

Other reading rooms are those of the Brooklyn

Daily Eagle at 53 Rue Cambon, the Chicago *Daily News* at 10 Boulevard des Capucines, the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* which shares offices with the New York *Evening Post* at 18 Rue d'Enghien, the New York *World*, 47 Avenue de l'Opéra, and the New York *Herald Tribune* at 49 Avenue de l'Opéra. These reading rooms provide the ideal place to park your husband while shopping.

Going to an American church is another antidote for that homesick feeling. The American Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity at 23 Avenue George V gives Sunday services and communion and maintains a chapel in the Latin Quarter for students, St. Luke's Chapel at 5 Rue de la Grande Chaumière. It is right in the midst of the studios and has its back against the garden and annex of the American University Women's Club. The Very Reverend Frederick W. Beekman is dean of the cathedral.

The American Church, uniting all Protestant denominations at 21 Rue de Berri, holds Sunday morning services under the auspices of Joseph W. Cochran and special services with beautiful music on Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's and Armistice Day.

The American Catholic Students' Club of Paris,

two Christian Science churches, one at 184 Boulevard St. Germain and the other at 58 Boulevard Flandrin, a Methodist church at 79 Rue Denfert-Rochereau and the Church of Scotland for Presbyterians at 17 Rue Bayard, are hospitably open to visitors and there is also the Students Atelier Reunion Club which meets at 173 Boulevard St. Germain for musical programs and short addresses on Sunday nights under the auspices of the American church.

A well-equipped gymnasium is part of the equipment of the American Methodist Memorial Center and Gymnasium at 79 Rue Denfert-Rochereau in the Latin Quarter. Here are held exercise classes and basket ball games for women. The French-American women's games are usually entertaining because the players sometimes forget the rules and stage a free-for-all.

American Clubs in Paris offer hospitality to thousands of lonesome women every year. The American University Club at 4 Rue de Chevreuse, presided over by fair-haired, good-tempered Dorothy Leet, Barnard graduate, averages yearly four hundred and fifty members. The purpose of this club is to provide a residence for American University women in Paris attending the Sorbonne,

the College de France and other academic institutions. In the summer transient college women are accommodated.

The building with its charming gardens and courtyards was originally part of the hunting lodge of the Duchess de Chevreuse and now belongs to Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who has loaned it to the club for headquarters. There is room for sixty-six permanent guests, and a dormitory of four or five beds is kept as a temporary refuge for forlorn students who have arrived unexpectedly—with no knowledge of Paris but an immense confidence in the ability of American agencies to care for them.

In winter, when preference is given to Sorbonne students, the rates run from 1200 to 2200 *francs* per month full *pension*, less for *demi-pension*. During the summer, the cost per day for room, breakfast and dinner is from 40 to 75 *francs*. For a stay of more than a week, you must join the Club. The dues are ten dollars and any member of the American Association of University Women is eligible.

The social calendar includes monthly dinners with interesting French or English speakers, Wednesday at homes to all university women in Paris, and a monthly concert or reception with a

special guest of honor. Afternoon tea in the cozy steam-heated library is a heart-warming occasion for the homesick.

The American Women's Club is housed in a charming building at 61 Rue Boissière near the Place Victor Hugo and is an organization teeming with social, educational and philanthropic activities. It was formed just after the war by American women residents in Paris to help establish peace relations. The three-story white stone house contains lounges, library, assembly rooms, a beautiful mirrored ballroom and a dining room overlooking a garden, with a terrace which can be thrown open in hot weather and where lemon pie, waffles, corn bread and other American dishes are served in a perfect Louis XVI setting. There are eleven bedrooms on the third floor which are in great demand among American women travelling alone.

The club has 1200 members, including many Americans who have married Frenchmen. Art is encouraged through monthly exhibitions where distinguished painters and etchers hang their works side by side with unknown but promising youthful American or foreign artists and young musicians have been launched at the Sunday afternoon club concerts. Youth is also served at the *thés dansants*

given every Saturday afternoon when girls who have come to Paris to study have a chance to meet men students and residents. From time to time there are very dressy balls, patronized by the diplomatic set, also lectures, amateur theatricals, bridge parties and Tuesday teas.

An information bureau offers advice and addresses on subjects ranging from the best place to get a manicure to the purchase of a Normandy *château* and lists are kept of governesses, schools, apartments and hotels.

The *Club Bulletin*, published monthly, at first as a chronicle of club news, has developed into an entertaining little magazine with articles of general interest on art and French history contributed by prominent Latin Quarter writers.

All types of energetic American women, fashionable, executive and artistic, have contributed to make the club the only really democratic organization maintained on the continent for women by women and a real social center for establishing friendly relations between the United States and France.

The Lyceum Club at 17 Rue de Bellechasse is another women's club founded twenty years ago

to further feminine activity. It is international, and brings women of many nationalities together.

American service organizations, such as the American University Union at 173 Boulevard Saint-Germain, do much to lessen melancholy. The Union is a friendly institution where valuable information may be gathered about courses at all French universities, at the Alliance Française, requirements for admission, degrees offered foreigners, lists of French teachers and French families and the cost of living. Lectures and receptions to the French for American students are frequently given, and American students are invited to register for the mail service. It also provides a library with American periodicals and papers, a correspondence room and study hall.

And don't forget your bank when you need help *en voyage*. Besides changing your money, cashing your letter of credit and traveller's checks, this obliging institution will advise you how to carry your money and how much to take for your trip through Europe, besides furnishing you free reading and writing rooms, and a post office for receiving and forwarding mail. Some banks even have travel and information bureaus with shopping

guide and courier service, so that they can see about your passport visas, buy tickets of all kinds and make hotel reservations.

The American Aid Society is another connecting link with the homeland for those who because of "illness, destitution, unemployment or family disintegration need and deserve help." This society carries on social work of the best kind since it helps without degrading. Among those aided are: deserted wives, stranded college students, families of A.E.F. men, aged and penniless American-born widows of Frenchmen and now and then a deserted child or an unsuccessful suicide. The society will advance money in desperate cases, but exacts a written pledge that it will be repaid, though the Society says few fulfill the pledge! In one year, 241 persons were sent to the United States and 146 were sent to friends or seaports.

Don't think, though, that the Society gives free tickets home for the mere asking. You must prove your need, but it is comforting to know that if the worst comes to the worst, you will have somewhere to go for the price of a cable home.

The same thing applies to the American Hospital, a million dollar modern structure at 63 Boulevard Victor Hugo, in Paris's loveliest suburb,

Neuilly-Sur-Seine. Dr. Edmund L. Gros, American, is head of the medical staff. All the comforts and equipment of the finest American hospital are to be found there. Clinics are held daily, and the service is free if you cannot pay, at a minimum rate if you are poor but not destitute. The wards are not expensive and the nurses are pleasant and efficient, the food good.

The private rooms *are* expensive, though at that lower than the rates at home and extra comfortable. It is a great consolation to know that if you must be sick, you can be it stylishly!

Do You Want a Job?

AMERICAN women of energy, courage and ideas can always make their living in Paris. Yet most of the dozens who are doing it now began their French careers through lucky accidents. Few women go to the glamorous capital with any idea of settling down to jobs. They want to spend, to live, to enjoy themselves, though when they end as thrifty shop-keepers, they seem perfectly contented.

We know one woman who started a successful Parisian business with thirty-five dollars capital five years ago. She had already cabled for money to get home on when she heard of a rare bargain in antique shops. She paid thirty-five dollars down —all she had—to seal the bargain. Luckily, she was living *en pension* so she could still eat. In three days, the funds she had cabled for arrived. She paid some more down on the shop and hasn't come home yet.

Another woman, now a world authority on fash-

ion, borrowed one hundred dollars from her home-town bank to buy a typewriter and some copy paper, her sole initial stock in trade, except for an inspiration based on the rumor that a certain American magazine with headquarters in Paris might be in the market for fashion stories. It was, and she is still to be found on the Left Bank.

Business as it is done in Paris is peculiarly adapted to women, for ingenuity counts more than large capital. Indeed, the elaborate front and heavy advertising considered so essential in America would be wasted on the French public.

The most successful Parisian advertising is by word of mouth. Please your immediate circle of friends and they will tell everybody they know who in turn will pass the good word along, until, lo, you have a *cliéntèle.*

Even a slight knowledge of American business methods, salesmanship and cooperation will give you an advantage over the easy-going small French tradesman who seldom bothers to change the ways established by his father and grandfather. Also, in dealing with her own countrymen, an American woman has an asset in her understanding of their point of view, for bewildered tourists in general are relieved to do business with Americans.

The chief disadvantages attached to working in Paris are the climate and the languorous French system which holds up everything over numerous holidays. It is hard to be a go-getter in Paris.

If you merely want a job, the easiest is that of stenographer. Almost anybody who can take dictation is easily placed, and every worker in Paris gets two hours off for lunch and a three weeks' vacation with pay in summer. A good stenographer earns one thousand *francs* which ought to be supplemented by a small allowance from home. The average French stenographer is paid from six hundred to eight hundred *francs* a month, and a few secretaries get as much as four hundred *francs* a week, but it would be too much luck to expect to fall heir to one of these jobs without a long wait. The American University Union keeps a list of firms and offices needing help and a file of employers is also to be found at headquarters of the American Chamber of Commerce, 32 Rue Taitbaut.

The United States Embassy in Paris employs twelve American women: two reception room attendants, two telephone operators and eight stenographers and translators. The average salary is $1800 a year which is tremendous for Paris.

Banks, tourist bureaus, American doctors and

dentists all prefer American secretaries. The pay is uniformly low as compared with New York but the surroundings are pleasant (often the office chairs are antiques) and the work relatively light. Business hours are nine-thirty to five-thirty or ten to six.

The American High School at 4 bis, Rue d'Auteuil, founded in the summer of 1924, has nine teachers, five of whom are American women. The average salary is $100 a month.

A graduate nurse can always register for private duty at the American Hospital along with the graduate nurses of every country in the world from Armenia to Ireland. Incidentally, the average of Americans entering the American Hospital training school in a year is two. A majority of the students are Russian, but the undergraduate list also includes girls from France, England, Wales, Ireland, Canada, Switzerland, South Africa, Norway, Czechoslovakia, Esthonia, Armenia, Poland, Holland and Denmark.

Entertaining and worth-while work from every standpoint except that of money is to be found at the American Library, 10 Rue de l'Elysée. There are twenty women on the staff and applicants are required to furnish recommendations showing that

they have had experience in America. Also they must sign an agreement to stay on the job for a definite period.

Although the salaries are a fraction of what experienced librarians get at home, many women are glad to earn less and stay in Paris. Beginners are paid $72 a month. Later, this rises to $80 and for heads of departments to $100.

Such salaries would be ample for French girls, but the average American librarian in Paris knows practically no French when she arrives nor anything about how to get along on a French salary. After the fashion of her countrymen, she goes to Sam's for substantial pancake-and-bacon breakfasts, teas in the Bois and cashes her traveller's checks recklessly.

Unless there is somebody to whom she can cable for money, however, this phase is soon ended and then the serious business of life begins. She moves to the Left Bank, dines in the six-franc *prix fixé* restaurants and rides second class in the *Métro* and busses along with the impoverished white-collar French. But at the library she can get lunch and tea at a well-run employee's cafeteria and soon she is revelling in a series of literary encounters with everybody from Gertrude Stein and her crowd to

French nobility and high-born Russian refugees who use the library as a loafing ground. Not bad at all, the lot of a librarian in Paris!

Many American women who want to earn a living in Paris set themselves up as shoppers but not nearly all succeed. To qualify as a shopper, a woman must have lived in Paris for at least a year. She must know French and the city. If the ground work is all right, she ought to have no trouble operating either independently or through a bank or travel bureau. But hotels, loyal to home products, generally favor the English-speaking French shopper. The shopper's commission, as we have said somewhere else, runs from five to ten per cent of the price paid.

A big paying job is that of commissionaire to buy for houses in the United States, Canada and South America. Commissionaires make ten per cent commission on all purchases and the purchases are large. Of course all the big commission houses and headquarters of American stores have resident buyers but these jobs are usually picked up in America. According to Mrs. R. De V. Cowdery, for more than thirty years a resident buyer in Paris, one must have experience and a sense of values as well as personal taste to make a success of this pro-

fession. The woman who spends $375,000 of somebody else's money in a week must not take chances and she must go back home at least once a year to mingle for awhile with the women for whom she buys.

There are few mannequin jobs open to American women but there were none until Patou started a fad for American mannequins five years ago. French mannequins make from 800 to 1200 *francs* a month and occasionally one tries to live on it, but most of them marry or take lovers.

Patou's American mannequins were much respected and made a great hit. They were all of a high type and Papa Patou watched over them as fondly as if they had been his own daughters, even providing chaperons who inspected their callers and made them keep regular hours.

Mannequinning is easier in Paris than in America, a girl who has done it both places tells us. The hardest part is keeping down avoirdupois. The model must be twenty pounds under weight. This she generally contrives by dieting one day and feasting the next. One Patou mannequin got so fat eating French pastry and chocolates that no more clothes could be made on her. A contract prevented her being fired, so to the disgust of the

other models, she sat for almost a year, eating and widening.

Fashion writing and sketching and stylist jobs are the best paying and most numerous in Paris, but naturally one must have experience to fill them.

Perhaps if we cite a few examples of American girls who have made good in Paris, it will show what can be done.

One of the most remarkable American business successes is Mary Bendelari of Joplin, Missouri, who makes the prettiest shoes in France on American lasts and out of the best materials. Miss Bendelari designs, superintends the factories and sells the shoes herself in America.

Twice since she began her Sandarlari boot business, the *franc* has dropped and once she had to put up $20,000 to cover her margins. Half the registered shoe businesses of Paris failed at that time for lack of reserves. Miss Bendelari cabled Dad.

This enterprising young woman began to make shoes as the indirect result of an injury. She was a dress designer in New York when she hurt her foot one day skating. Lying in bed with far less use for shoes than ever before in her life, she began reading about them and studying their history.

And, just to while away the long hours, she designed the kind of shoes she would like to wear.

Later, in Paris, she came upon a small group of shoemakers who had been driven from their homes in the Balkans by economic pressure and were making handmade shoes, including the woven sandals worn by natives of their own land. The possibility of adapting these sandals to shoes built on American lasts appealed to Miss Bendelari. She added some workmen from Russia, the Balkans, Czechoslovakia and Serbia, one of whom had the secret of painting gilt slippers with roses of powdered glass. And so her sick-bed dream became a reality.

May Birkhead was a passenger on a ship which picked up survivors of the *Lusitania*. On the strength of the thrilling story she wrote, Miss Birkhead was offered a job on the Paris *Herald*. Later she went to the Chicago *Tribune*. As society editor, she knows all the crowned heads of Europe and is a personal friend of Queen Marie of Roumania who sends her a Christmas present every year. Her job takes her to all the smart resorts—Deauville, Monte Carlo and Aix—during the season.

Herald cub reporters on their first nights on the desk used to be bowled over by the vision of the

beautiful and charming May in horn-rimmed glasses and a Lanvin evening gown covered by a Chanel velvet cloak, briskly pecking out on her typewriter the dinner list at the Ritz that night or the names of the guests at the Princess de Polignac's luncheon party. There are not, however, many jobs like Miss Birkhead's.

One of the highest-priced and most authoritative fashion writers in Paris is Marjorie Howard of *Harper's Bazar*. This tall, stunning blond is the Emma McChesney type who began as a hack writer and remembers her own struggles so well that she has helped dozens of American girls to get a start.

Bettina Bedwell of the Chicago *Tribune* syndicate and *Liberty*, who writes about clothes in a gay but accurate way that wins the respect of dressmakers and the interest of readers, keeps slim racing after fast-changing fashion. In summer Bettina lives in the country near Chartres and in her own house, if you please!

Mrs. Hortense McDonald, European publicity manager for the United States Steamship lines, has had the honor of being elected first woman member of the Neptune Association of Masters and Mates of Ocean and Coastwise Steam Vessels. We must ask her whether they ever abbreviate that title!

Sylvia Beach is owner of the Shakespeare and Company book shop, 12 Rue de l'Odéon, which is a meeting place for young intellectuals and older ones, too. Miss Beach has the courage of her convictions. She published James Joyce's "Ulysses" in a private edition after "The Little Review" was suppressed for publishing it, and also sponsored George Antheil, radical composer of orchestral music which needed aeroplane propellers and electric fans to get its effects.

M. Therese Bonney began as a free-lance journalist in Paris and now has one of the most important news photo services in Europe. Miss Bonney was graduated from the University of California and took her master's degree at Harvard. In Paris, she studied at the Sorbonne and was one of the first American women to get a doctor's degree from that institution. While she was at the Sorbonne, she helped to make her living by translating the captions of the first American movies to be shown in Paris.

She was scheduled to become a professor of languages but chance led her into a more profitable if less highbrow profession. Passing through New York on her way home from Paris, she posed for a picture at the studio of Underwood and Under-

wood and was offered a job as assistant to the firm's Paris photographer. The offer appealed to her and she accepted it, meaning to try it for a year. In Paris, she rented a room and began selling pictures to newspapers and magazines.

That was five years ago. Today she has the most modern office in Paris at 82 Rue des Petits-Champs, employs a staff of nine and provides pictures and stories for the papers of twenty countries. She prints two hundred negatives a month in the field of modern interior decoration and interior accessories, alone.

Out of the photo service has grown another business—that of business and advertising adviser to Americans temporarily in Paris, who wish ideas for advertising schemes or special modernist displays, or for introducing American products to French manufacturers.

Rose White has a de luxe bag shop at 20 Rue de la Paix. She too set up shop on a shoe string. She was an opera singer who designed her own purses. So many women commented on them that one day she decided to try making them for others. Now she has a great vogue and in fact influences the bag mode.

Mrs. Agnes Anderson Butler runs a unique res-

taurant called The Butler's Pantry on the Rue Jules-Chaplaine in the heart of the Latin Quarter. During the war Mrs. Butler came to France as a Red Cross dietitian and prepared food for children. She has learned to go to market hatless, with her basket on her arm, like the French housewives, and to this habit attributes her ability to get bargains.

Another enterprising and successful young business woman is the charming Helen Scott who in spite of her youth has been decorated by the French government for her contributions to Parisian commerce.

Miss Scott's information, shopping and employment bureau at 56 Faubourg St. Honoré is a happy haven for American tourists, both men and women. The staff will buy a last-minute gift for your husband or hire a staff of twenty stenographers on a half day's notice. Reliable information about doctors, lawyers, schools and *pensions* is free, and there is a mail-order shopping department, for which a charge of twenty-five *francs* is made. If you mail-order the Scott bureau to buy you a dress, you will first get a sketch or dress form to choose from. Miss Scott's satisfied customers sing her praises from coast to coast. She comes from Dallas, Texas, and was in Paris on a sight-seeing tour when

the idea of starting a business came to her. She has ten employees, all women. Miss Marjorie Booth, a Canadian, is her partner.

It is not only American women who make business successes in Paris. Women of the old French nobility now go in for commercial enterprise in a way that would have put them beyond the pale in the old days of the grand and pompous Louis'.

On the Quai de l'Horloge, close to the corner where the buses rumble over the Pont Neuf and the barges glide down the river, Princess Lucien Murat has one of the best book shops in Paris for the purchase of sophisticated modern literature. She also conducts an informal salon for artists and dilettantes and sells antiques and old lace.

The Duchesse de Brissax and Princesse Pierre d'Arenburg each head dressmaking establishments. The Duchesse de Noailles designs models for lingerie. The Marquise de Biron sells pictures. The Comtesse Foresta sells her own water colors and the Princesse Armand de Polignac composes.

Madame Terquem who owns the bookshop of the same name at 1 Rue Scribe, famous for its de luxe editions of art books and rare bindings, is not well known to Americans in Paris but among the French is greatly admired as a woman of importance.

Once in an interview with us, she expressed what is still the French point of view—that women ought not to work outside the home except when necessity forces it. She took over her husband's business after he was killed in the war. Though it has increased enormously, Madame insists that it would never have interested her if her husband had lived.

This attitude of French women is one of the reasons why Paris is a fertile field for the American business woman. At the same time, let us utter one word of warning to the American taking a job or starting a business in Paris—a tax is levied on the salaries of all foreigners, though there are reductions for the liberal professions. Also Americans doing business must pay a special impost on special kinds of businesses, and unless they sell in a store or warehouse must have a *carte de commerce*, good for three months, and costing from fifty *francs* for retailing provisions to 3000 *francs* for selling diamonds.

Part Three

If You go to Paris for an Education

Parlez Vous Français?

"AND of course since Edith was taking a course at the Sorbonne, we had to live nearby."

This elaborately casual statement made to a group of neighbors at the first church supper after you get back home usually produces a sensation. Flattering comments fly thick and fast.

"My gracious, did she really? Could she understand what it was all about? I'm sure I never could!"

And so Edith becomes for the time a heroine, and her mother shines in reflected glory.

More than 4500 Ediths and Eddies from your home town and ours pursue culture in Paris every year, about 1000 attending the Sorbonne. This second oldest institution of learning in the world, known officially as the University of Paris, was founded in 1150.

Its alumni include Dante, Abélard, François Villon, Saint Thomas Aquinas, Roger Bacon and Erasmus. But probably no generation has seen a

more cosmopolitan group of students than now gathers for lectures, public and special, in the schools of Law, Medicine, Pharmacy, Science, Letters, and the College de France.

Of special interest to the foreigner in Paris is the system of courses united under the name *Cours de Civilisation française*. No degree is required for admittance, and regardless of his special field, every student finds something for himself. The lectures are given in French, but, needless to say, not every student understands every word.

The courses extend over a period of four months and are given twice each year from November 3 to February 26, the winter semester, and from March 1 to June 13, the summer semester. They are "intended to furnish the foreigner who already has some knowledge of the French tongue with a general comprehension of the moral, intellectual, political and economic structure of French life and thought."

If you will present your passport and the proper number of *francs*, an entrance card will be left at the Sorbonne's information bureau for you. It will save time and much wandering about the charming but bewildering corridors and courtyards if you will write first to M. Henri Goy, di-

rector of the *Civilisation* courses for the curriculum and application blank before presenting yourself for the lectures.

Each class has two morning *conferences* or lectures a week, and one afternoon hour devoted to practical work. The fee of 600 *francs* is payable in four monthly installments. Paying for the entire semester in advance lowers the price to 450 *francs.*

Everybody who has paid this fee and taken at least four of the nine subjects offered is eligible for examinations and if she passes the examinations, for a diploma, impressively signed by the Rector of the Academy. A certificate of attendance looks almost as learned, though, and this is delivered, without examination or expense, to any foreign student regularly admitted to follow the courses on French civilization. If you want a first-degree diploma, you must pay 70 *francs* and if you are vauntingly ambitious, a *Diplome Supérieur* examination will cost 100 *francs.*

These examinations will be strangely different from any you have known before. In the morning, a single question on each of the subjects in the civilization course is asked. You choose your question and then write a composition on it. Three

hours is allowed for this intellectual labor and you are graded not only on information but on grammar, form and style as well.

In the afternoon of the same day you will write on two questions in every course except the one you covered that morning. Fifteen minutes is allotted for answering each group. If you survive this ordeal (and you will know the next morning) you will then be ready for your oral examinations.

At this chaotic and typically French tug of war, you appear wearing your oldest clothes and most determined expression. The professor sits at his desk and you and his other students push one another madly to reach him. To the stoutest—and rudest—belongs the victory. Once you gain the coveted place in front of the professor's desk, you are allowed to remain unmolested until he has finished with you. Sometimes you must stand two or three hours on the battle line, listening to others answer all the questions you know and wondering what can be left to ask you. For your comfort be it said that only about two out of thirty-five ever fail.

Sorbonne social life includes frequent dances where the cosmopolitan contortionist may whirl with the young intellectuals of many nations.

There is also the *Accueil aux Etudiants des Etats-Unis,* directed by Mme. Seligman-Lui, which invites American students in Paris to receptions and teas given by French women in their own homes. The "real" French are met under the most charming conditions, and later they may ask favored Americans to teas, bridge parties or morning walks in the Bois. Those who enjoy such hospitality are promptly cured forever of any strange or exaggerated notion about the Parisian; in fact, usually become rabid Francophiles, then and there.

The educative value of the Sorbonne courses is vouched for by all the girls who have been part of the Smith College experiment. The plan which President Neilson has inaugurated offers to thirty-five members of the sophomore class in good academic standing who are majoring in French, the chance to spend Junior year studying at Grenoble and the Sorbonne.

At first European methods seem puzzling and even irritating but later students grow to like them, and since the European plan is more serious, they work twice as hard as at home. This is necessary since they are supposed to know not only what is given in lectures but all information available in all the books published on the given subject.

"At home any signs of intelligence about a question are greeted with surprised pleasure by the professor," one Smith College girl remarked, "but in Paris, comprehensive knowledge of the subject is taken for granted and you shine only if you give some individual thought to the question and present the result in a clear and interesting fashion."

Public lectures at the Sorbonne usually take place in the evening or late afternoon and are announced in the Paris *Herald* in advance. The subjects range from psychoanalysis and the education of midwives to American literature. Regular lecturers at the Sorbonne or distinguished foreigners are the speakers. Galsworthy has lectured in English at the Sorbonne before an international gathering that crowded the auditorium to the eaves and the night H. G. Wells appeared, the line that formed before supper, basket lunch in hand, extended down the Rue St. Jacques and around the corner to the Boul' Mich. The police had to be called to quell the riot that broke out when all the seats were gone.

Remarkably cheap vacation courses with supplementary tours are offered by the Sorbonne during the summer months.

There are innumerable and excellent boarding,

day and specialty schools in France for American students of all ages. The American University Union can furnish lists.

Of course, the chief educational value of being in France is the chance to learn French, though unfortunately, just being there is not enough. You cannot absorb it.

As a matter of fact, it is as difficult to learn French in France as anywhere else unless you make that study your chief interest in life and organize your time so that you will hear the language and be forced to speak it constantly. The usual procedure is to move into a French family, take an hour's French conversation every day with a native teacher and then on top of that sign up for courses in literature, history and politics at the Sorbonne or Alliance Française.

There is no difficulty about finding French teachers for conversation. Indeed, after announcing at your *pension* your intention of learning French or making inquiries about teachers at the University Union or American University Women's Club you will be convinced that the entire population of Paris is willing to give at least an hour every day to teaching you. Most of those who offer themselves are women—distinguished

widows of former officers in the army and navy or young women from the Provinces studying at the Sorbonne and hoping to add to their slim scholarships by giving lessons.

The best French is spoken in Touraine and some earnest students of the language go to Tours for a month or two to perfect their accents. A profitable procedure is to engage a youngish energetic teacher who knows the historical points of interest in Paris and a little about art, and will conduct you hither and thither explaining everything in French and insisting that you ask questions and answer her in the same language. The average price an hour is from ten to fifteen *francs*, depending on your teacher's experience and number of university degrees. It is often possible to exchange lessons, a half hour of English for a half hour of French. Such arrangements are usually made by advertising in the Paris *Herald* or Chicago *Tribune* or by registering at one of the student organizations.

Some good French teachers are to be found among the Russian exiles in Paris. Much can be learned about the Russian temperament and European politics around a samovar set up in a glass-fronted studio or attic flat. Even the poorest of the Russian exiles of good family are extremely

proud and you will find it almost impossible to offer them any courtesy plus the money remuneration that they will not return to you with interest.

The Swiss are excellent teachers for young children. The Swiss accent is not Parisian, but is much less harsh than many French provincial types. That of the Basque country, for instance, sputters like a muted machine gun.

The best French teachers start by talking. After ten days of listening, the pupil suddenly begins to understand. Then she must try to reply and to formulate sentences in French, which the teacher will correct word by word.

Regular attendance at the Odéon and Comédie Française is excellent for one's French. The pupil should read the play first with a dictionary and carry it with her to follow between the acts.

The classics are given at the Odéon and Molière's comedies, Racine, Corneille, Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset at the Comédie Française. These are all done in the most perfect taste and in diction that is a matter of national pride.

On Thursday afternoons at the Comédie Française classical plays and readings of heroic French poetry are given, to which strong-minded students enrolled at various schools in Paris hasten to sub-

scribe. At the Odéon, which caters to the student public of the Left Bank, are played the classics of France's Golden Age and revivals of old favorites such as "Camille," with notable casts under the direction of Firmin Gemier.

Shakespeare is enormously popular at the Odéon and Shakespeare enthusiasts will particularly adore the Odéon "Hamlet." Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, and Galignani's English book store, 224 Rue de Rivoli, sell English translations of Odéon plays.

The Alliance Française at 101 Boulevard Raspail provides foreigners with courses in French, through a winter term which begins November 3 and a summer term starting March 1. A preparation course for students entering French universities is given every year during the months of September and October. There are excellent evening classes during the winter months. The sidewalk in front of the Alliance, a few blocks below the Dome and Rotonde cafés, is always crowded at noontime with American students walking about, arms intertwined, eating apples and cakes, and discussing life.

The *Université des Annales* at 38 Avenue des Champs Elysées, was founded by Yvonne Sarcey, daughter of Francisque Sarcey, one time dramatic

critic of the *Temps,* and wife of Adolphe Brisson who later became the dramatic critic of the same paper. The public pays five *francs* for a seat at the lectures, which in the past have been given by most of the celebrities of France—Jean Richepin, Frédéric Masson, Henri Robert, leader of the French Bar for many years, Jean Cocteau, Paul Valéry, Maurice Rostand and André Maurois. Attend this unique *Université* by all means if you understand fluent French.

To realize the intellectual vitality of modern Paris and the freedom and verve with which both men and women express themselves in public on any question that makes them think, one must go to the Club du Faubourg public debates organized by Léo Poldès. Here the great and near great of Paris come, as do also market women and butchers. Once we saw and heard a debate on jazz versus classic dances end in a near-riot. The topics and places of meeting each week are announced in the Paris papers, both English and French. Go once if you understand voluble, idiomatic French and are not easily shocked.

The American High School of Paris at 5 bis Rue d'Auteuil opens about September 21 and ends June 22. A regulation four-year course is given, with

emphasis on entrance requirements of the schools and colleges in the United States. College board entrance examinations are given at the close of each school year. A trained director of athletics supervises sports for the girls and boys. A chorus, glee club, dramatic club and orchestra are typical American outside activities.

The student whose family back home are uneasy unless she is domiciled under official auspices, may like the *Foyer International des Etudiantes* at 93 Boulevard St. Michel which has 100 rooms for resident women students. This student hostel was founded in 1906 by Mrs. Grace Whitney Hoff, at that time President of the British-American Y.W.C.A., as the first center in the Latin Quarter for women students.

The Foyer, an old building opposite the Luxembourg Gardens and adjoining the garden of an old convent to which the queens of France went by an underground passage for prayer and meditation, provided a refuge for stranded students of all nationalities during the war.

Mrs. Hoff rebuilt the Foyer and reopened it in 1928 as a splendidly equipped establishment with plenty of romantic atmosphere but even more home comforts and American conveniences, in-

cluding baths which take care of 200 bathers a day and a cafeteria which feeds a thousand daily.

This quick-service cafeteria is a unique institution in a city of leisurely cafés and many Sorbonne students amble in for sustenance between classes.

At the Hostel are lectures, conferences and opportunities for personal contacts with Europe's great writers, artists and musicians. Massenet himself used to give music students personal advice about their future.

The hundred girls lucky enough to be taken as residents can enjoy a comfortably furnished room plus board for about six dollars a week. Scholarships are available for the worthy and a student cooperative agency offers those with scanty incomes a chance to make money by waiting table and taking care of children. Only women between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five are eligible as residents. But any student may belong to the institution and enjoy its social side.

The Cité Universitaire, the only international city that promises to be successful, is the new student quarter of Paris on the outskirts of the Latin Quarter bordering on the Parc Monsouris. It will also provide student lodgings under "the best material and moral conditions of life" for students of

all nationalities. It is the first attempt of the French Universities on a large scale to construct dormitories, eventually to accommodate 3500 students. The Sorbonne has no dormitories nor campus, the students generally living in the narrow, mean, ill-heated and comfortless attics of the district around the Panthéon, not much changed since the gay days of Mimi Pinson. The Cité will contain houses of many nations, each nation constructing its own house on land offered free by the University of Paris. A group of seven French buildings has been erected and not one room is vacant.

The American dormitory will house 300 students, half of them women, and offer all the comforts of an American dormitory of the most modern type for a minimum rate, so that one's efforts *pour parler français* may be carried on under most advantageous and pleasant conditions.

Miscellaneous Culture

THE radiant prospective bride who goes to Paris to buy her trousseau is hereby duly notified of a Gallic love potion more potent than French clothes and twice as permanent. Also much less expensive, if that's any object.

This charm to hold a husband is to be found at the Cordon Bleu training school for *chefs* and master kitchen mechanics, which is open also to housekeepers of any nationality for a small price. Class and private lessons are held at 129 Faubourg-St.-Honoré and at 71 Rue de la Pompe, in the smart Passy district. Here one may be sure is a school that the French take seriously. The Minister of Public Instruction himself presided at its inauguration and the government keeps an interested eye upon it.

Nor, as in the cooking schools of less culinarily proud lands, are products of the classes carelessly sampled on the end of a spoon or dumped into the garbage can. French thrift and reverence for the

art of the *cuisine* demand that the dishes prepared be destined for an impressive fate. So they are sold at cost and bought up by clever Parisian hostesses, each to furnish forth a fête!

The courses run from lessons in the art of boiling eggs (or even water) up to a grand climax of instruction in French pastries, ices and candy making, taught under the guidance of the *chefs professeurs.*

Lessons are given "every working day" from 9:30 A.M. until noon and again from 2:30 P.M. until 6:00. Program menus are announced a month in advance in *Le Cordon Bleu,* official magazine of the school, which is full of recipes, accompanied by luscious pictures. *Cuisine bourgeoise*—plain cooking—and *haute cuisine*—fancy cooking—alternate. Morning classes are all given over to special catering courses.

She who has never even boiled an egg may take a three months' course for 1000 *francs* complete, which will give her the right to work with the *chefs professeurs* themselves and to compete without extra charge for a prized *Cordon Bleu* diploma, the distinguished service medal of the pantry. Framed and hung up over the sink, this would lend éclat to any kitchen.

Books of ten tickets costing 150 *francs* give bystanding privileges and twenty tickets at 250 *francs* allow you to take a hand in operations, which is better, for as the *chefs professeurs* solemnly declare: "To acquire real experience nothing is so necessary as practice."

An hour's private lesson per person is thirty *francs*. Six private lessons come at 150 *francs* and twelve at 275 *francs*.

Then there is the cooking school of Professor Pozerski, bacteriologist of the *Institut Pasteur*, where young intellectuals may, according to the professor, learn in fifteen lessons to cook good and varied meals. Authors, artists and musicians are his pupils and he claims they are apt ones.

The laboratories for this school are at the *Institut d'Hygiene Alimentaire*, 16 Rue de l'Estrapade. There are special courses for American housewives, with lessons in marketing and on preparation of food for invalids and convalescents, as Professor Pozerski is a doctor as well as bacteriologist and cook.

Cooking, of course, is a vocation, almost a religion with Paris, but the city also believes in avocations and furnishes teachers of bridge, palmistry, crystal gazing, fencing, automobile driving, golf

and china painting in great abundance for short or long term courses. Your bank or travel bureau will locate for you an expert in any of these lines for the asking.

For the wistful bystander who appreciates art but can neither draw, paint nor sculp, there are classes in the history of art. One course of thirty lectures on art history is presented free through the Fondation Racher Boyer at the Pavillon de Flore, the southwest wing of the Louvre. These lectures are given twice a week on Sunday mornings at 10:00 A.M. and on Thursday at 8:45 P.M. For an entrance card write to the Direction des Musées Nationaux au Louvre, Pavillon Moullien.

More casual are the promenade lectures which trail through the Louvre on Mondays—the day when the Louvre, like other French museums, is closed to the public to be cleaned up after the Sunday avalanche of visitors. These promenades are given either in French or English. The French promenade is cheap and excellent if your French will stand the strain of listening to the history of Mona Lisa and the Winged Victory in a foreign language.

Otherwise, Miss Florence Heywood's lectures at five *francs* per will be more profitable. Miss Hey-

wood, an American, knows pictures and other art objects in the Louvre better than most American women know bridge. She has an entertaining, informal style and her promenades usually come in a series of three or four lectures, grouped by periods or countries.

Her talks on early French painting are especially interesting and her tour to Chantilly to see the Book of the Hours done by Fouquet is an event. She also gives furniture lectures at Cluny and in the Fine Arts section of the Louvre which will unscramble for you once and for ever the difference between Louis XIV and Louis XV chair legs.

The woman with a passion for books will find bookbinding an elegant avocation that seems particularly suited to Parisian Left Bank atmosphere. Along the Seine, she can pick up rare French editions to put into handsomely embossed calf covers worked by her own hands. Artists who specialize in rare bindings and in imitating ancient leather work are to be found all over Paris and most of them will take a pupil or two. Excellent ones on the Left Bank who work in their own homes can be located through the American University Union or the American Women's Club.

Dalcroze Eurythmics, taught by Dalcroze grad-

uates during the winter months at an old hôtel at 52 Rue Vaugirard, will serve to give the American expatriate both exercise and a feeling for music.

A bathing suit is the costume required for most of the rhythmic movement classes. The Dalcroze classes are managed in the delightfully haphazard financial fashion which characterizes so many French institutions and before paying, you can always attend a large class or two to see if the thing appeals to you.

Fencing also is good for keeping in physical trim in Paris where continuous bad weather often makes out-door exercise difficult. Girls at the American University Women's Club frequently arrange small private classes.

All Parisian classes are not for dilettantes. Many have the serious purpose of preparing women to earn their own living in pleasant ways. And that brings us to the Ladislas Medgyès School of Stage Craft (*pour la technique du théâtre*), the first of its kind in Europe. Medgyès is a Hungarian with something elfin in his appearance, who has won for himself an interesting reputation in Paris and a place in *Vanity Fair's* Hall of Fame. His studio at 74 Rue de Sèvres not far from the Gare Montparnasse is small, and you must climb seven flights

of the darkest steepest steps in the Latin Quarter to reach it; but once there, you have a beautiful view of the dome of the Invalides and the towers of Paris from the window. Medgyès' courses start on October 1 and include invention and drawing of scenery, construction and painting of scenery, stage-lighting, costumes, masks, make-up and planning a production.

Box-like miniature theatres with full lighting equipment are set up all over the room on high stools before which the advanced pupil sits on another stool, constructing sets and properties. Famous stage designers sometimes address the students while they are busily pasting or hammering or drinking tea and a tremendous amount of work is accomplished in this easy-going and apparently unorganized fashion. Some of Medgyès' pupils have made great success designing sets and costumes for London and Paris theatrical managers as well as for various little theatre movements in America.

Stagecraft may be practiced for amusement or profit but with dressmaking, one leaves the dilettante class entirely. When we last counted, there were 700 dressmaking, millinery and lingerie-making schools in Paris.

But the woman who would learn chic as well as the dressmaking trade will do well to worm her way into one of the *grande couturier* establishments, there to work in as many different departments as possible. About the only way this can be done is by wangling an introduction to an owner or manager and throwing yourself on his French resourcefulness and gallantry. Occasionally some college girl gets a job as package girl on the strength of having been presented at the Court of St. James and knowing many worth-while people. Or she endears herself to a *directrice* by spending her allowance for three years to come on a sumptuous wardrobe which proves that she has real taste. Those who do manage to get in often step into the high-salaried class when they get back home. Which is what we all want, isn't it?

More of the Same

THE Grande Chaumière Academy, 14 Rue de la Grande Chaumière, usually appeals to the young art student. Here are painting classes for nude and portrait study, price from sixty to eighty *francs* a month, depending upon the numbers of criticisms per week. Courses in drawing from the model without a professor cost forty *francs* a month or twelve *francs* a week. The sculpture is under the direction of Bourdelle, considered Europe's greatest sculptor since the death of Rodin for whom he once cut stone.

The croquis class on week-day afternoons from two to seven, offers a model who poses first in costume and then in the nude. From five to seven the poses last only five minutes and are full of action. Tickets are two *francs* apiece or ten *francs* for ten. The Colarrosi Academy next door has evening croquis classes.

We are told by artist friends that older artists with some reputation prefer the smaller academies,

run, strangely enough, chiefly by women who get celebrated modernists to come once a week to criticize the work of students.

The Academie Julien, 31 Rue du Dragon, is one of the oldest and most famous ateliers in Paris and has branches for specialized art work such as miniature painting. George Moore worked here when he first came to Paris and tells about it in his "Confessions of a Young Man." The croquis classes here are separate for men and women but each group has nude models of both sexes posing at the same time and often carrying on long intellectual discussions with each other. This strikes the American newcomer as terribly funny.

Even to one who fails to know one end of a paint brush from another, French art classes are worth a visit if you can find a friend to take you.

The day Elizabeth Chase, American sculptor, took us to the Grande Chaumière, we were most impressed by the boniness of the models. Besides being thin, they were so cold that they looked like picked chickens. One nude male model, posed as John the Baptist, had a long black beard, which we hoped afforded some warmth. Never was there greater concentration and we lost forever our il-

lusion that posing in the nude embarrasses either model or artist. It's all in the day's work.

Occasionally a student is asked to pose for one of the monumental works of the professor in charge and this is considered a great honor. The teachers are always ready to take special interest in any promising pupil, often finding commissions for them and allowing them to work in their studios, so that contacts formed at the academies are sometimes as important as the work itself.

On holidays celebrations are held at all the academies, big and little. Ducks and geese purchased by the class are roasted and eaten, then every member of the class must do a stunt—preferably characteristic of his own land. The American is applauded for his buck and wing, the Swede for a broad jump, the Swiss for yodeling.

In the Rue Belloni are studios built by rich people for poor artists, which can be rented for about fifteen dollars a month. A typical apartment includes a working studio with a translucent wall to give a north light and a balcony over which is an improvised kitchenette and under which the artist sleeps. The lavatories are impossible from the American viewpoint and there are no baths, but it

is almost as difficult to rent one of these studios as it is to get into a fashionable London club. Applicants sign up years in advance for the privilege of a long lease. Only professionals are eligible. People who want to rent the studios for the sole purpose of giving parties are barred no matter how much they are willing to pay.

One artist friend tells us that no real artists in Paris are interested in prizes or scholarships and that such things are unknown at the better academies where official art is condemned and the spirit of competition believed to be contrary to the production of true art.

He mentioned that a great many conservative painters, academicians and modernists who have arrived, prefer Montmartre to Montparnasse. Foujita, the famous Japanese artist of Paris, paints in a Montmartre studio and we once interviewed Zuloaga in his—a frumpy but home-like affair where he had worked off and on for twenty years and where the portraits of famous sitters were covered by pieces of old carpet.

When the Paris artist isn't painting pictures he is exhibiting them or visiting other people's exhibits. Regularly the artist colony in flowing neckties, flowing beards, corduroy trousers, and wide-

brimmed hats, make pilgrimages to the galleries to study the works of those who have arrived. The Galerie Bernheim Jeune at 83 Faubourg St. Honoré is one of the most famed of all those dealing in modern paintings. The Rue Boëtie is a street gradually becoming as closely associated with the sale of modern art as the Rue de la Paix with Paris clothes. The Galerie Paul Rosenberg at No. 21, which features the works of Pablo Picasso, and the Galerie Paul Guillaume, 59 Rue la Boëtie, attract all those interested in modern art. The latter gallery has one of the finest collections of Negro sculpture in existence, while Guillaume also deals in the works of Derain, Marie Laurencin, Matisse and Renoir.

The best exhibitions of the work of younger men outside of the Boëtie galleries are those held at the Galerie E. Druet, 20 Rue Royale. Other galleries which should be carefully watched for interesting shows include the Galerie Marcel Bernheim, 2 bis Rue de Caumartin, Galerie Georges Petit, 8 Rue de Sèze, near the Madeleine, Galerie Devambez, 43 Boulevard Malesherbes, and Galerie Barbazanges, 109 Faubourg St. Honoré.

A one-man show is the ambition of most Paris painters. But the high cost of living and the low

value of painting (for the artist without a reputation) has driven many to desert the salesrooms of dealers and try to dispose of their work directly to the public either by hanging their pictures on the walls of some hospitable café or in the open air.

From 1000 to 3000 *francs* is demanded for space even in a minor Left Bank picture gallery. Hence the many street exhibitions where landscapes, nudes and still lifes are hung out on lines like so much wet wash. The tree-lined center section of the Boulevard Raspail below the Boulevard Montparnasse, the Place du Tertre on the peak of Montmartre, the Avenue de la Grande Armée near the Etoile and the Luxembourg Gardens serve as salons for artists eager to do away with the middle man.

Among cafés permitting artists to hang their pictures above the bar and over the tables are the Rotonde, the Café Parnasse and others nearer the Seine. Artists tell us that they have seen fine pictures worthy of museum space hung in cafés where they had been left for unpaid beer bills.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, formerly Gertrude Vanderbilt, spends much of her working time in a Paris studio. There she did that colossal statue for the Saint Nazaire Association of American Over-

seas Veterans. Janet Scudder, the sculptress, also lives in Paris.

Gertrude Stein, whose unfathomable poetry at least arouses excited and curious comment, is said to be a genius at discerning the worth of new art before the price becomes prohibitive and many artists and amateur art collectors wait to see what she will buy each season before making their own art investments.

For those with talent enough in either music or art to justify spending a mere $300 for three months' room, board and tuition, we recommend a summer at the Fontainebleau Schools of Music and Fine Arts.

The idea of going to school in one of Europe's most beautifully preserved and excitingly historical palaces is enough in itself to draw many students to Fontainebleau each year via student third and the P.L.M. railway. Incidentally, a remarkable group of professors and directors has been assembled under the auspices of the French government.

Fontainebleau is a perfect summer resort. From June 25 until the same date in September the palace park and gardens provide an idyllic place to make new contacts and friendships, flirtatious or otherwise. At sunset, students gather about the marble

terrace surrounding the famous carp pond or drape themselves on the horseshoe staircase which Napoleon descended on his way to Elba. Romances bud and blossom as freely as on the summer sands of the Jersey Coast.

Sixty women music students live at the palace, and both art and music schools hold their classes there—the music school in the Louis XV wing.

The School of Fine Arts aims to give a general view of French civilization and art with the palaces and surrounding châteaux as graphic examples. Five centuries of architectural beauty have gone into Fontainebleau's making.

The interior is interesting to students of interior decoration, the exterior and gardens thrill the architect and landscape gardener. Practically all the really interesting queens of France have left here priceless examples of their taste in furnishings and personal belongings.

There is a ballroom built by Henry II for his mistress, Diane de Poitiers, and a bed chamber which was slept in by Marie Antoinette and four other queens. Mme. De Maintenon's tiny apartments furnish a hundred ideas for decorating the small city apartment and the best examples of Em-

pire furniture extant are found in the apartment which was used by Napoleon.

Among the specialized courses which women often take are: architecture, mural decoration, fresco painting, etching, study of the evolution of French styles, and decorative composition and applied arts. Women go from Fontainebleau into every kind of successful job from architect's draughtswoman to buyer of antique furniture.

The fresco department is housed in a great stone-vaulted basement room which was used by Francis I's guard.

The number of students is limited and all applications for admission must be accompanied by a note, clearly stating where, with whom and for how long the candidate has studied. The American organization, concerned only with the recruiting of students, is in the hands of Mr. Whitney Warren for the Department of Architecture and of Mr. Ernest Peixotto for the Department of Painting and Sculpture.

Men students predominate at Fontainebleau but there are more women than men at the Paris branch of Frank Alva Parson's New York School of Fine and Applied Arts, 9 Place des Vosges. This

is an excellent place to acquire a scholarly background for a practical career as an interior decorator, costume designer or advertising artist. Frequent trips are made from the Paris school through the Loire Valley to visit famous *châteaux* and a cathedral trip includes Rouen, Caen, Beauvais, Amiens and Rheims.

The department of Costume Illustration and Costume Construction uses all Paris as a laboratory. Officials have a horror of turning out what is lamely described as a "fashion artist," too often slip-shod. Rigid training comprises design and color as related to clothes, the study of the human figure, life and free-hand drawing and finally technical expression. During the third year the student shows her skill by competing in the trade, for she has an opportunity to design and make costumes of various types for individuals and manufacturers.

Young music students who want a career often go to Paris to study because of the prestige but New York and Germany are said to have better teachers. Paris is no longer the great music teaching center. It is, however, a good place for a début. Hallie Stiles, Madeleine Keltie, Mary Lewis and Grace Moore are among the Americans who

have made successful débuts at the Opéra Comique and played return engagements. Hallie Stiles has a regular contract. Mary McCormick, a protégée of Mary Garden, has sung at the National Opera.

Mlle. Nadia Boulanger who also teaches at the Fontainebleau School is famous as a teacher of harmony and composition. She gives private lessons and once a week all her pupils, advanced and dull, virtuosos and plodders, meet at her home for tea and talk with new composers who come and discuss music informally. These classes are referred to as the Boulangerie (a play on the word for bakery). Many Harvard men who win scholarships go to Boulanger.

The best musical opportunities in Paris are for those interested in modern music. Honegger himself gives private lessons and lectures. The *Conservatoire National de Paris* and the *Ecole Normale de Musique* are difficult for Americans to enter, in fact no foreigners are particularly welcome there.

At Fontainebleau, concerts exclusively reserved for the students of the American Conservatory are given by some of the greatest artists in France, and courses in composition, counterpoint, fugue, harmony, organ, piano, violin, violoncello, harp, sing-

ing, opera, opera-comique, phonetics, instrumental ensemble and history of music are offered.

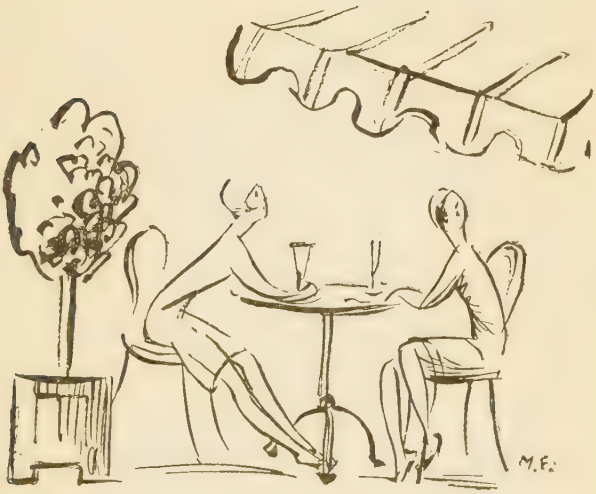
Students must pass an examination in their chosen branch of study and on their general knowledge of music before they are allowed to enter the music school.

At the end of the session, two certificates are awarded to those judged worthy of the honor—one for excellence as an executant and one for fitness for teaching.

However real artists may feel about diplomas, they are a great comfort and source of pride to us. They look so well framed!

Part Four

If You go to Paris to Have a Good Time



A Paris Day—Up to 4:00 P.M.

THE woman travelling alone used to consider the lack of a man a fearful handicap in her plan to see the world. There were so many places where women couldn't go alone—and unless you had brought a man along, where could you get one?

This is to certify that the difficulty no longer exists. In the first place, two or three women together can now go almost anywhere that a man could take them. And in the second place, if you really want a male escort, you can rent a reliable one with references complete for almost any occasion, and quite reasonably.

That will be a *gigolo,* sleek of hair, sweetly scented and impeccable of dress. Originally, a *gigolo* was a hired dancing partner. But his scope has widened and now gigoloing is a regular profession, recognized by the Paris Prefect of Police.

Russian *gigolos,* recruited from the starving refugee groups, are especially high class. The

Italians who follow this mode of earning their livelihood are generally good dancers but often stupid and sometimes dishonest. There are few French *gigolos* and they, too, are chiefly lower class for the profession is looked down upon by the French. Occasionally you will find an American gigoloing to pay for music lessons or a course at the Sorbonne, but that is rare.

Also, American fashion magazine information bureaus sometimes know of penniless, well-brought-up young Frenchmen who are willing to serve as escorts to night clubs and theatres for properly introduced wealthy women, but would be offended to hear themselves called *gigolos,* though technically that is what they are.

There are thirty young men in Paris who make more than 100,000 *francs* a year by acting as professional dancing partners in prominent cafés. The handsomest and most magnetic are often paid 500 *francs* for a single dance by rich and vain women. The record so far as we know was established by a South American woman when she paid 15,000 *francs* to an Englishman for showing her the Paris version of the tango. But this *gigolo* had a Prince of Wales smile and often got 1000 *francs* for one dancing lesson.

Ordinarily the *gigolo* is paid a small sum by the casino or restaurant where he dances and may keep all the tips he can get. In the larger places, however, where tips are lavish, the *gigolo* may have to pay the management to be allowed to dance there. The report to the *Préfet de Police* shows that tips per *gigolo* per night average between seventy and two hundred *francs.*

In a café, if a *gigolo* dances twice with you, you give him ten *francs,* increasing the amount according to the number of dances. He will generally be standing at the door when you leave and you may hand him the fee then or else you may give it to the waiter to give to him. A *gigolo* by the day would cost from ten dollars and expenses up to whatever you wanted to pay.

Some women alone hire permanent *gigolos* for the period of their stay in Paris. This may turn out well, but great care must be exercised in the choice. If your bank or your own tourist bureau will recommend somebody, that is one thing. Or if your trusted American shopper can find one for you. But otherwise, beware.

One or two French newspapers advertise *gigolo*-supplying agencies—but avoid these as you would the plague. And no matter how highly recom-

mended your *gigolo* comes, don't turn over your money to him. Dole it out as needed and watch your pocketbook, even though such eternal vigilances may not be entirely in keeping with your conception of a jolly evening. Stories are legion of *gigolos* who have ingratiated themselves with well-to-do American women, young and old, and robbed them of jewels and money.

One American woman allowed a French gentleman whom she had picked up at the races to become her escort during her Paris sojourn. He admired her diamond ring and told her that he knew a way to trade it plus a little extra money for a diamond twice the size—a jewel belonging to a Russian exile. One afternoon, a week later, he came to her hotel and showed her a beautiful diamond, much larger than her own. He invited her to go out with him to a shop where both jewels could be appraised. The appraisal was satisfactory and the woman, elated at the thought of the bargain she was to get, turned over her ring and the extra sum to the *gigolo,* who then went into the lobby with both rings and the money, ostensibly to telephone his friend. At the present writing he had not yet returned.

We also know a middle-aged English woman

who fell in love with a *gigolo* and was in the midst of giving him anything that took his eye along the Rue de la Paix when her daughter heard about it, rushed across the Channel to save Mamma and promptly fell in love with the *gigolo* herself!

A wealthy man from our home town who hates dancing took his wife about to the smart tea places and arranged for *gigolos* to ask her to dance. The wife never realized that the sleek young beaus her husband so ceremoniously introduced were in his employ and she had the time of her life while the generous husband beamed from the side lines.

The usual *gigolo* conversation begins with, "You are the best-dressed woman in the room," moves on to "You dance divinely, so naturally," and climaxes with "I am so lonely." From then on, he has easy sailing with a susceptible woman.

The greatest expense a *gigolo* has is laundry. Dress shirts melt down so in the heat. A *gigolo* at the casino in Etretat almost sobbed on our shoulders while telling us that in warm weather, when too many stout ladies frequented the casino, it was impossible for him to make expenses and keep himself in freshly laundered shirts at all hours of the day.

The *gigolo* dream of bliss is similar to that of the

chorus girl. He longs to be towed all over Europe as the dancing partner of a rich person who will shower diamond shirt studs, cuff links and whatnots upon him, just as the rich broker bestows bangles and necklaces on the feminine counterpart.

On the whole, perhaps the most satisfactory arrangement for women alone is to go about together in groups and commission the management to arrange for dancing partners at each place. To be sure, some tourist agencies furnish guides who will shepherd female parties through the night life places. However, this is not an entirely satisfactory way to see Paris, for the guides do everything but shout through megaphones, and whisk their charges in and out at such a rate that there is no opportunity to get the real atmosphere.

However, we had not meant to speak of night life so soon in this discussion of the Paris day, though many visiting Americans do quite literally start their real day at night in the French capital.

That is why in Paris the visitor rises late. *Petit déjeuner* is brought to the bedside and perhaps at eleven or half-past, one goes for a fitting.

Between half-past eleven of a Parisian morning and one o'clock of a Parisian afternoon is the

heure de porto in the Bois when all the smart women parade. This is a show not to be missed.

The Pavillon Dauphine, where the world drinks its matutinal glass of port, is the rendezvous for motorists, horseback riders and a glittering panorama of French, Russian, Austrian, South American and North American women, dressed *pour le sport,* and leading or carrying their pets. Some step from their motors with monkeys perched on their shoulders. One dark and haughty beauty leads a bear cub on a chain. The air resounds with the strange cries of wolfhounds, Pekinese, bull dogs, kangaroos and lizards.

Then, if you walk back from the Port Dauphine along the Avenue du Bois to the Arc de Triomphe, always on the right side of the street, you will see a show of a different order—St. Germain on parade. This is old Paris, the real aristocracy in shiny silk hats and carefully preserved best dresses. The old families walk in the Bois suitably attired even when they lack the money to pay their grocer—even when to keep them whole, they must hastily take off the treasured best clothes as soon as they come in from their promenade.

As for lunch, you may enjoy every minute of it, no matter how many things you have to do after-

wards for between the hours of twelve and two, it is impossible to shop, everything being closed tighter than a drum while proprietors and clerks regale themselves with food, drink and gossip at their favorite cafés.

There is no restaurant in Paris where two women may not lunch with perfect propriety. If you are lunching several persons at one of the larger restaurants, order a table in advance but if you should arrive without a reservation, hand the head waiter ten *francs*—or better, twenty-five—and all will be arranged.

Don't forget that if you have wine, you must tip the wine man separately. And incidentally, though at home you may be a staunch blue ribboner, so staunch that you will not drink wine even in Paris, it is better to order a little anyway. Your waiter expects it and will treat you more politely if you do. Besides, if you do not, you probably will be charged a small sum, ranging from thirty *centimes* to two *francs* as a tax for not drinking. That is one of the customs of the country.

An embarrassment of riches confronts the Paris luncher. If one stayed a year, it would be possible to lunch each day at a new and delightfully charming place.

Le Cheval Pie at 8 Avenue Victor Emanuel is one of the atmospheric restaurants. Normandy cooking is served amid Normandy scenery, both excellent, especially the entrées.

Two excellent restaurants that reproduce the atmosphere of old inns are the Auberge du Vert Galant at 36 Quai des Orfèvres, near the Palais de Justice, done in jolly King Henry IVth manner, its specialty *poule au pot* (chicken in the pot), and the Rotisserie de la Reine Pedauque at 6 Rue de la Pépinière, near Gare St. Lazare, famous for roast fowl.

The fashionable Big Three in the way of restaurants for lunch are the Ritz, where English titled ladies mingle; Ciro's, where you should make a reservation in advance unless you want to wait interminable hours for a table; and Larue's, at 27 Rue Royale, where the food is both wonderful and expensive.

Foyot's at 33 Rue de Tournon where senators, diplomats and out-of-town dignitaries dine next to tourists and chic Parisians, makes a sacred rite of any meal.

Lapèrouse, 51 Quai des Grands Augustins, offers a charming view of the Seine and the skyline of the Ile de la Cité. *Poularde au Feu Eternel* and

Salade Terre et Ciel are specialties here which are said to have been invented by Sarah Bernhardt.

Voisin, 16 Rue Cambon, is another one of the ancient and honorable restaurants that looks so modest and unassuming; ignorant tourists sometimes wander in, thinking it merely a "nice clean little place," and after seeing their check stagger out to cable home for money. Not only the food but the wine is recommended in hushed tones by the foremost *gourmets* of France.

Not quite so high-hat, but charmingly Parisian, is Au Cabaret, 4 Avenue Victor Emanuel. Lunching on the terrace in fine weather is fun, especially if you order something with the delectable *crème fraiche* which is served more lavishly here than anywhere else.

For luxury in a garden setting there is nothing lovelier in Europe than Ledoyen, all grass-enclosed terraces, trees and flower beds, to the left of the Avenue Champs Elysées near the Rond Point. In the bad old days duellists used to order triumphal breakfasts here before starting out for the Bois to settle their affairs of honor—and sometimes return to eat them. Just across the road is Restaurant Laurent, also very smart for lunch. Be

sure the day is fine before choosing either of these places for in bad weather they are quite forlorn.

Prunier's at 9 Rue Duphot, except in July and August when it is closed, and at No. 16 Avenue Victor Hugo, besides splendid ceremonial luncheons, offer the nearest thing to a drug-store lunch in Paris. At the fish bars downstairs it is possible to get small orders of all the cold dishes on the menu; also to buy the really splendid Anjou wine of the place by the glassful instead of the bottle.

The closest to a Schrafft's restaurant in the shopping district is Colombin, 4 Rue Cambon, which specializes in chicken patties, salads, nice crisp little rolls and marvelous pastries.

Sherry's at 6 Rue Castiglione also serves light lunches, including ice cream, in an atmosphere so much like the New York Sherry's that it will make you homesick.

There is a place in Paris where you can get—of all things!—apple pie for lunch. Thursdays the Rendez-vous des Mariniers serves this dainty made by a recipe compiled by American soldiers during wartime. But this requires a long walk or drive to the Quai d'Anjou.

Restaurants to which you ought to go only if

you must hurry are those of the Duval chain, rather stodgy and uninspired, though so numerous and conveniently located that they get a large patronage.

If you know any nice young American lad who needs a temporary job while anxiously awaiting a check from home, though, send him to Duval's by all means for there are always vacancies in dish-washing and bus-boying. And, as is only fair, try to be in a hurry sometime so as to eat at Duval's as a grateful gesture!

From 4:00 P.M. to Dawn

A PARIS afternoon may be profitably devoted to shopping, sightseeing or the matinée. Afternoon is the best time for a woman alone to go to the rowdier music halls.

The Folies Bergère, 32 Rue Bergère, probably the world's most renowned music hall and something nobody but a minister's wife wants to miss in Paris, is certainly more discreet before dark, though hardly the place to go looking for discretion at any time of the day.

The Empire, a kind of combination music hall and circus, like the New York Hippodrome in the old days is fun on a rainy afternoon to one who knows French, and a matinée at the Concert Mayol, 10 Rue de l'Echiquier, a typically French, very clever, ribald and little-known-to-Americans music hall will furnish something to brag about back home.

On the other hand the Casino de Paris is much more like a New York musical comedy and a

woman who cares for revues will feel perfectly comfortable there at night. Likewise the ruddy interior of the Moulin Rouge where appears that perennial favorite, Mistinguette, is much more fun at night what with elaborate bars and an arena-like dance floor for intermissions.

The Palace, 8 Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, where Raquel Meller made a tremendous Paris hit, is on the whole more comfortable at the matinée hour because of its location on the lower boulevards. There are always a few good acts here and at least one headliner—Grock, Maurice Chevalier, Harry Pilcer, Little Tich, or some other Paris favorite. The best plan is to find out at exactly what moment these stars go on, cutting the rest of the show.

Unless one understands French and can get the play first and read it, it is a waste of time to go to most of the legitimate French theatres where the plays are usually of the psychological or tangled triangle variety and difficult to follow. On the other hand there are a few French actors and actresses so charming and vivid that it would be a pity not to look at them, whether you understand them or not. The Guitrys, for example—Sacha and his wife, Yvonne Printemps—are always playing in

some slight perfectly charming nothing, exquisitely mounted.

Yvonne has a wistful languid charm and even if you don't know a word she is saying, you like to watch her flirt with her husband in the outrageously thin little pieces which you fancy he scribbles between afternoon and evening on the back of some old envelope.

We recommend also Spinelly, Gaby Morlay, and Victor Boucher. Victor is the authority of the French stage on how to make love at first sight, and has the most seductive mustaches on the Continent.

Paris is never so thoroughly a woman's town as at tea-time. All types of women seize this chance to relax and eat and drink. In summer the pleasantest places to have tea in Paris are those in the Bois. The oldest is Armenonville, but some of the others are just as good and even smarter—i.e., Château de Madrid in Neuilly, l'Ermitage, and Pré Catelan, beautifully set in the forest. You can get very good teas at these places for twenty *francs*, provided you don't eat too many French pastries.

Two women together will be perfectly comfortable taking tea in the Bois—indeed a woman might even go there alone if she were so minded.

Even more glamorous than the Bois for tea is the Ritz, especially in the spring when tea is served under parasols in the garden. Here, over a toasted *brioche,* one gets a bird's-eye view of the mode in clothes and diamond bracelets, the latter being almost blinding on a sunny day.

Claridge's and the Ambassadeurs, the latter a combination music hall and restaurant with a tea garden, are also popular. At the Ambassadeurs, all the smart *cocottes,* actresses and stage dancers are to be found with their escorts, especially during the racing season.

The Lido, a comparatively new place in the Champs-Elysées, serves tea à la Neptune. It is an immense marble hall underground, constructed with high Roman pillars which support gorgeously painted ceilings. There is a swimming pool at the end and tea drinkers mostly wear bathing suits so they can alternate dips and sips.

Rumpelmayer's at 226 Rue de Rivoli, famous for *marron* confections, which you choose for yourself from a delectable array, and Poiré et Blanche on the Left Bank at 196 Boulevard St. Germain (marvelous cakes!), are ultra-feminine tea shops.

A tea room with literary atmosphere is Chez

Fast at 13 Rue Royale which sometimes has a fortune teller as added attraction.

French women are fond of Potel and Chabot at 4 Avenue Victor Hugo, and of Sirdar's at 50 Avenue des Champs-Elysées. On the Left Bank, tea at the Lutétia Hotel is nice because of the music. Doulce France in the Arcade des Champs-Elysées shows that modern decoration, though not cozy, is certainly stimulating—and, especially along the gallery, conducive to *intime* conversation.

But the Russians are the ones who know how to make something really melodramatic of the tea hour. At Tierem Boyard, 38 Rue de Berri, *Russe* music, heartbreaking and riotous, is beautifully played by a stringed orchestra. Romantic-looking people who may well be former princesses, grand duchesses (or perhaps only batik workers) frequent the place in large numbers although prices for the excellent Russian and French pastries are not low by any means.

To the woman who has never been to Paris the very mention of a bar is the signal for the raising of horrified eyebrows. As a matter of actual fact the really chic bars in Paris, such as that at the Ritz, are decorous enough for Carrie Nation herself. The little Ritz room to the left of the Rue Cambon

welcomes women guests and might be any small tea room in a woman's club, except for its champagne cocktails and sophisticated regulars. Without the slightest effort to eavesdrop, it is practically impossible here not to overhear all the latest gossip of the American quarter, what with the tables being almost on top of each other and everybody speaking English in clear shrill tones.

The Vikings, a Swedish café at 29 Rue Vavin near the notorious Montparnasse-Raspail, is interesting because it is frequented by well-groomed artists who keep their beards trimmed and their trousers pressed. The cocktail hour here is quite *à la* Ernest Hemingway with such a dash of Michael Arlen as to make it high-hat—or shall we say Green Hat? Forgive that one!

Fouquet's Café at 99 Avenue des Champs-Elysées is smart at any hour of the day for coffee, liquors or food. After an afternoon or morning floundering among the dressmakers' collections of the neighborhood it is balm to the soul to sit on the terrace here and sip something cool and delicious, daydreaming over how beautiful you are going to look in that new green tulle.

Less expensive and even more popular is the Café de la Paix, the immigrant's own, where every

American in Paris settles at some moment or other during his sojourn. Personally, we were glad to find the ice cream here as good as the drinks.

The Montparnasse cafés, Rotonde, Dôme, Select, Coupole and Closerie de Lilas, are friendly, lively spots from breakfast time until five the next morning. Tea time is the best hour for viewing all the artist colony of the Quarter, especially if accompanied by some Montparnasse Old Settler who can point out all the celebrities. After a long working day in their studios, painters and sculptors pour into one café or another for an apéritif, to write letters home, sketch a little on the backs of menus or to treat their models to coffee. The freaks crowd these cafés to the curb from 7 P.M. until eleven.

The Closerie, once a guinguette, or country inn, on the route to Fontainebleau, is a favorite with French literary and artistic circles and French families with all the children come, too, to drink tall glasses of beer, the kiddies included! The Rotonde occasionally draws headlines in the paper as a center of Reds and radicals, probably because nobody can forget that Trotsky made this his social center before the Russian revolution. But we remember, too, enjoyable goose flesh popping out on us one evening at the Dôme when a dark attractive young

man with a vibrant voice was introduced as "a Soviet agent at large."

All Montparnasse cafés serve as combination drug store and depot-at-train time for the American girl living in this section. The real *habitués* call for their mail at the Select or Dôme, so that no matter how often they change from studio to hotel to *pension* friends and families can keep in touch with them.

The Café d'Harcourt on the Boulevard St. Michel is a resort of students and artists and a favorite with many American women because of the fine orchestra. Before student masked balls all the merry-makers stop here for beers and bacchanalian revels.

The Dingo at 12 Rue Delambre, smaller and more American than any of these already mentioned, is a popular center for Yankee exiles and has wonderful corned beef and cabbage, big thick beefsteaks, and real American soup. The bar is filled at cocktail time with those restless high-strung American women who have come over to "get away from it all" and who are to be seen interminably sitting on café terraces in the Quarter smoking eternal cigarettes.

A woman alone, provided she dines early, need

not feel conspicuous dining in the average Paris restaurant. On the whole, however, the woman accompanied by a man gets better treatment, though there are some conventional restaurants that are now quite accustomed to the American feminine twosome.

Oddly enough, waitresses are more scornful of women alone than are waiters. We remember well one restaurant where we were hustled and almost insulted. A few nights later, we were taken to the same place by a gallant escort who knew nothing of our previous experience and all the waitresses bowed and scraped as if we were royalty.

Some of the more conventional restaurants suitable for dinner are: Foyot's, Tour d'Argent, Lapèrouse, l'Escargot, Voisin's, Au Cabaret and Michaud's in Rue Jacob, Lavenue, an old-fashioned charming place opposite the Gare Montparnasse with good music. Almost any hotel dining room is all right, but it is better to avoid the restaurants with dance orchestras. The Ambassadeurs is amusing for dinner when you can dig up a fairly prosperous escort, for it offers the three-ring circus of dinner, vaudeville and dancing.

Although we shall probably be murdered on our return to Paris by faithful epicures who treasure

the secret of Cazenove's, at 24 Rue Boissy-d'Anglas, we shall die in the interests of our readers who love *foie gras*. Located near the Place de la Madeleine this restaurant is the special delight of French journalists who have the price, which is not exorbitant according to American standards. The proprietor himself slices the *foie gras* for his patrons, whetting the knife before the rite, with a frightened waiter in attendance who is sure to be scolded volubly for carelessness to add to the general effect. You really ought to come here with a man, but if you love *foie gras* and are willing not to have the most perfect service of which the restaurant is capable, come anyway.

Plenty of after-dinner entertainment is available to women in groups of three or more, i.e., certain theatres, the opera, charity balls, even some night clubs.

If the woman who goes alone to the theatre looks as if she knows where she's going and what she means to do when she gets there she will not be molested. The same may be said of the opera, though there you are a little more conscious of being unescorted because the opera is more of a function than the theatre.

If you know any newspaper people, they may

make it possible for you to enjoy the interesting experience of a French opening night. The real opening night is called a *répétition générale* which means dress rehearsal. This name is used to avoid the tax which must be paid to the government for every actual performance. The *répétition* is held for the press and requires an invitation. National celebrities are present and the women in the audience are quite gorgeous as to evening gowns and jewels.

The Théâtre de Dix Heure, 36 Boulevard Clichy, is a smart little theatre convenient to attend after a later dinner. Everything is most colloquial and you won't enjoy the satire or the funny songs much unless your French is good, but it is fun to attend at least once because of the bar where one can observe the audience between the "naughty but nice" acts.

The Grand Guignol, on the other hand, which specializes in plays "alternating terror and laughter," is a great favorite with tourists, especially with those who love to feel their hair rising on end. Here all kinds of gruesome stage effects are manipulated in a most artistic manner.

Various charity balls are held annually at the Opéra, also the Grand Prix ball in June after the

biggest race of the season. Jewels and bright shawls jostle one another in a stifling but gay and stagey atmosphere. Officers in full-dress uniform add to the festive background and at the Bal de la Couture, for example, mannequins from almost every dressmaking house in Paris parade on a platform and stage stars perform. Afterwards there is dancing, but if you are in a box—and of course to be chic you should be in a box—you won't push about in the mob downstairs. Box-holders always take along their best Spanish shawls to drape over the front to add to the colorful effect.

Billy Reardon's Blue Room and Le Bœuf Sur Le Toit (now moved to 26 Rue de Penthièvre) are among the smartest night clubs. The Florida, Perroquet and Grand Ecart are also popular and doggy. Wear your best clothes in your best manner to the latter as there are flashing mirrors which will give back your reflection a thousand times. The entertainment at these places is much like that in New York places of the same calibre. Only in Paris you will see more middle-aged women with young men than in New York.

At one o'clock you will find crowded tables and a more crowded floor; sleek heads and swaying shoulders; sparkling flash of jewels, real and false;

the scent of powder; perfumes and dust—and jazz.

The collegiate stunt is to cover all the Montmartre dancing places, such as Zelli's, the Capitole, etc., on one hat check and one bottle of champagne, a splendid idea in hot weather. Coats and hats are left at one place and that bottle of *obligatoire* champagne ordered up. Between dances neighboring dance floors are visited, the lack of wraps fooling each doorman into thinking your party already has a table and champagne in his supper room. A mean cheap trick, but youth must be served even in Montmartre!

For the young and adventurous another amusing place for a tour with the husky and reliable boy friend is the Chinese restaurant at 2 Rue de l'Ecole de Médicine which is celebrated for the best Chinese food in Paris, some say in the world. This should be visited before ten while the students are there. Afterwards, it is crowded with Chinese who come to see the Lilliputian cabaret. As in many night life places, paper balls like those used for the fêtes at Nice are obligingly furnished, with which the guests may brain each other.

Les Noctambuls is an all-night dance hall where Ammonite students gather to look on censoriously while Occidentals make idiots of themselves. Oc-

casionally there is a shooting scrap over some dancing girl, but this never seems to detract from the hall's popularity. The young girl needs an army of chaperons here—and even the older woman finds that a bodyguard of males with brass knuckles comes in handy.

Beloved by all students and visitors who know their literary Latin Quarter is the Bal Bullier, 31 Avenue de l'Observatoire, the oldest *bal* in Paris. It was used as a setting for one act of Puccini's "Rondine." In summer the orchestra plays in the garden. Many artist balls are held here.

After the night clubs of whatever type you choose, there will just be time to see the markets at dawn. Some evening when you're wearing your smartest evening things, start out about four o'clock for Les Halles. Monday morning is our favorite because Monday is flower day. You will find many onion soup places where you can sit and enjoy the incongruity of your best clothes contrasted with the blue denim smocks of the farmers and porters. After you've finished your soup and inspected the market symphonies in green, red, purple and yellow, go to Mass at St. Eustache, nearby, where you will find beautiful music and charwomen all in black saying morning prayers be-

fore going home to work after their night's work.

Finish the night by walking across one of the bridges and getting a look at lovely Paris in the dawning.

And so home and to bed at last.

Food and Drink

FOOD is the supreme Paris adventure!

If your heart never swells at sight of a perfect *omelette aux fines herbes* or a tender young asparagus drenched in butter sauce, skip this chapter because we expect to rhapsodize.

But one word ere you depart! If it's indigestion you fear, stay with us. In all our Paris dining, lunching, teaing and supping, we have never known either stomach-ache or gas pains. The French restaurant keeper or his waiter hovers over the customer, deftly gauging capacity and tempering the supply to meet it. Though only, of course, when you put yourself into his hands.

But this you must do without fail. You will be safe even to price, for he is too much the artist to overload your plate just to increase *l'addition.*

The best food in Paris is cooked in the restaurants where the proprietor is also the chef. And the best food this proprietor-chef cooks is usually his spe-

cialty—some traditional dish that has been served by his father and his grandfather before him.

High upon the careful list we make of things that we must have the minute we reach Paris is lobster at Prunier's. The old Prunier's in the Rue Duphot is our favorite though the new one in the Avenue Victor Hugo offers a great parade of beauty and fashion, as well as sea food worthy of the name of Prunier.

In case you would like to serve a lobster Prunier style when you go back home, here is the recipe for lobster *à la* Newburg: A live lobster is cut into pieces and browned in butter. Season with a little sherry, salt and pepper. Put back in shell, clap into a covered pan and cook for twenty minutes. Remove lobster and to the liquid in the pan, add a half cup thick cream, and heat, stirring all the time. Then put in the beaten yolks of two eggs and a little more sherry.

If you like snails—and if you don't, it's probably only because you don't know them well—the Escargot restaurant is the place to go for them. The snail is an obstinate animal and must be boiled for a long time in his shell to make him tender. Then he and his brothers are taken out of the

shells and mixed with a *pâté* of butter and herbs, including garlic—much garlic.

At the Escargot, they come to the table on hot plates which have compartments into which the shells fit. To eat them, you grasp each shell firmly with a special tong and extract the meat with a small fork. Don't leave Paris without trying snails and, above all, try them with an open mind. Of course if you're sure you won't like them, you probably won't.

We began at the wrong end of this food discussion, really, for there are two Paris soups that are better than anything on land or sea—onion soup and *bouillabaise*.

Onion soup after the ancient tradition may be had in almost any Parisian restaurant (many Frenchmen eat it for breakfast, incidentally!) but we have a special fondness for the big bowls served at Weber's, steaming hot, with toast floating around under a layer of Parmesan cheese. Need we add that this soup is a meal in itself as is also *bouillabaise*, a thick soup of sea creatures, delightfully blended? *Bouillabaise* at its best may also be found at Weber's.

Because we are writing primarily for women,

we were about to leave out the famous duck at the Restaurant Tour d'Argent and then we reflected that most women have men back home whose palates must be appeased. And so we will put in the recipe for duck as served at the Tour d'Argent. You probably won't like it yourself. Almost no woman does, but nearly every man closes his eyes in ecstasy at the mere mention of it.

First, the duck is roasted ten minutes or so. Meantime, the raw liver is mashed and moistened with cognac or Madeira. After the roasting, the duck is sliced, and the bones are squeezed in a duck press to extract the juices. These are poured into a dish with slices of breast, the mashed liver and the juice of a lemon. The container, which should be silver, is then placed over a chafing dish and cooked about half an hour during which time the sauce is constantly spooned up and poured back over the duck.

When in doubt about what to eat for luncheon in Paris, you will never make a mistake if you order a plain omelet. The most famous omelets in the whole of France are said to be concocted over an open fire at the Poulard Inn on the hilltop of Mont St. Michel in Normandy. Here is the secret: Al-

low one tablespoonful of milk for each egg you use, and when the omelet is set pour a little thick cream in the center and with the rounded part of a tablespoon smooth it out to the sides taking care not to bring the cream beyond the edge of the omelet. The cream and milk make all the difference.

Filet of sole Marguery is another of the dishes we never fail to have at least twice during even the briefest Paris sojourn. At first, the Marguery restaurant will disappoint you for it looks anything but grand now. The sole, though, is as luscious as it ever was. If you would be rated a success as a cook, try sole Marguery on the family, though in this country, you will have to use flounder instead of sole.

Crêpe Suzette is our favorite Parisian dessert —that is, if you except the tiny wood strawberries all whipped up in slightly sour, thick cream, to which a little powdered sugar has been added.

To make an adequate supply of crêpes, beat up about a quart of flour with the yolks of nine eggs, one whole egg, a small glass of cognac, a few dashes of orange water, salt, sugar and melted butter. Spread very thin layers of this mixture in small

buttered frying pans. Over each pancake put the following mixture or one more to your taste: melted butter, marmalade, orange juice and a little fine champagne. Cook and serve very hot.

The American woman in Paris for the first time is rather bewildered by the great number of wines she finds on any good *carte des vins,* and the French treat the subject so reverently that she often feels abashed at her ignorance.

Most women like sweet wines better than dry ones. Remember that when ordering. Of course the *gourmet* drinks sometimes four wines with a meal—one with fish, another with meat, a third with dessert and a fourth with cheese. The average diner, however, especially a woman, takes only a single wine.

In that case, for those not accustomed to drinking French wines it is perhaps best to choose a *vin blanc*—Vouvray, Anjou, White Bordeaux, or Rose d'Anjou. *Vin Rose* (a pale wine of pinkish shade) should be ordered with discrimination, since, in spite of its innocent appearance and taste, it is likely to be more alcoholic than other wines.

Vins ordinaires, sold *en carafe* instead of bottles, are to be had in either large or small restaurants and

some are extremely good. They form the table wine in many French homes, and investigation has shown that the people who drink them seldom suffer any worse effects than a red nose and a loose tongue. They are just as healthful, if not more so, than the older wines; the only reason for preferring older vintages is that they have had time after bottling to mature and perfect a distinctive flavor and *bouquet*. The *vins ordinaires* are usually less than three years old.

Four-fifths of the year Paris is far from warm even during the so-called dog days. But every now and then the city goes in for a heat wave that is devastating.

Next to the man whose wing collar wilts and the woman whose marcel wave disappears two minutes after the temperature registers 88 degrees, the most pitiful heat wave sufferer in Paris is the American tourist who has been looking forward for years to eating onion soup, hot *bœuf à la mode* and *crêpe Suzette* sizzling in liqueur sauce. During this rise in temperature he feebly orders iced tea and tomato salad, all he can think of. Here are four summer menus prepared respectively by Ciro's, Café de Paris, Foyot's and Prunier's to provide variety for such sufferers.

I

LUNCHEON

Iced melon
Cold consommé madrilene
Cold river trout with red wine jelly
Jellied chicken à l'Estragon
Fresh vegetable salad
Strawberry melba with purée of raspberries
Moselle cup

II

LUNCHEON

Oeufs à la gelée (jellied eggs)
Cold jellied soup flavored with tomatoes
Duck with oranges
Fresh asparagus
Peach cardinal with strawberry sauce over vanilla ice cream
Champagne cup

III

DINNER

Cream soup iced
Black bass jellied in champagne
Cold duck à la Montmorency
Wood strawberries iced with pineapple juice
Vouvray

IV

Dinner or Luncheon

Caviar
Norwegian salmon trout
Lobster thermidor
Romaine salad with sauce Hollandaise
Strawberry tart
Champagne cup

There you have the French idea of well-balanced, tempting meals. Needless to say, the wines are as carefully chosen as the food. But in a pinch at home, one can dispense with them, if one must!

When we think of all the Paris restaurants where we have enjoyed Lucullan fare, our consciences rise up and smite us. We have not yet done right by you, our reader.

And so, here, as a sort of annex to what has gone before, we shall list helter-skelter some of our favorite cafés, cabarets and eating places with enough about each to explain its reputation.

The Bœuf-à-la-Mode at 8 Rue de Valois is a quiet old restaurant to which Americans flock because they are told it is a place they ought not to miss. The spécialité for which the house was named is excellent.

In Montmartre a popular café crowded with fat French mammas and papas with their children is Wepler's at 14 Place Clichy.

At the Caucausian in Montmartre, five authentic Russian princes are employed, and they earn between thirty and seventy *francs* a night dancing, singing and juggling. Prince Chervachidze, who whirls six steel blades from his eyes to the bull's eye, learned his trade as a pastime in old Russia.

The Rivoli Tea Room at 2 Rue de l'Echelle supplies excellent hot biscuits, scones and marmalades and is open on Sunday.

Noël Peter's excellent Italian restaurant in the lower Boulevard section has one of the largest wine cellars in Paris and a good orchestra.

Paillard's, a dowdy old boulevard restaurant, attracts many tourists because the food is good though the atmosphere is somewhat down at the heel.

Another café in this section is the Neapolitan, still immensely popular with the French for after-theatre suppers and said to be the first café in Paris to serve ice cream.

Russian pancakes with fresh caviar topped off with sour cream is a specialty at Au Caneton, 3 Rue de la Bourse. This is another one of those un-

pretentious but excessively chic and expensive restaurants.

Beefsteaks do not come larger, juicier nor more beautifully prepared than those served at Au Cochon d'Or, 192 Ave. Jean-Jaurès, in the heart of the slaughter-house section.

The Select on the route to St. Cloud along the Quai de Billancourt has lovely flowers to look at while you eat on the lawn or in a summer house. Take a Seine boat if you go for tea, a taxi for dinner.

The ancient Lapin Agile at 4 Rue des Saules, once called the Cabaret des Assassins, is still famous as a rendezvous of witty, irreverent painters, poets and composers. The white-bearded proprietor sings old *chansons* here to his guitar. You mustn't go here alone.

A la Mère Catherine on the Place du Tertre on the peak of Montmartre has been a gay cabaret since 1793. Tourists swarm here but it has the advantage of being both cheap and amusing. In summer down-at-the-heel artists try to sell pathetically bad pictures while you dine in the open square across the street from the restaurant. On a Sunday night in the winter, it is amusing to dine

late (about nine o'clock) in the main dining room because of the extemporaneous cabaret by regular customers representing many European nations.

All the fun of a wild spree enjoyed in perfect safety is offered at the Arabian Restaurant adjoining the Mohammedan mosque in the Rue Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire. Dignified Mussulmans serve you the usual highly spiced lamb and honey pastries while you try to recline gracefully on cushions in a rug-draped, heavily perfumed Oriental room. After dinner go into the café where a native orchestra plays sensuous music for the abstemious coffee drinkers, Mohammedan countries being as non-alcoholic as our own United States.

One other restaurant that specializes in foreign food is Lipp's on the Boulevard St. Germain opposite St. Germain des Prés where sausages, German potato salad and dark beer as good as any in Munich are to be found.

If you settle in the Montparnasse section the Restaurant St. Cécile, 138 Boulevard du Montparnasse, is bound to become a habit. Some specialties here are roast chicken, sole *meunière* and frogs' legs.

But if you really want to do the food capital artistically, scorn all our suggestions and strike out for yourself. How we envy you the prideful bliss of your discoveries!

Seats in the Grandstand

THE vantage point *par excellence* from which to view American society in Paris is a seat in the grandstand at the races some fine Sunday in April, May, June, September or October. Better take along an experienced Parisian to point out the celebrities—a hired *courier* or shopper if nobody else is available.

Longchamps is the most beautiful race course, but the *Grand Steeple, Les Haies* and the *Journée des Drags* at Auteil, three races which come the third week in June, offer the best chances to see all the fashionables in their best clothes. No woman wears her *pièce de résistance* to the Grand Prix at Longchamps, the climax of the season, because the crowd is too tumultuous and there is neither time nor space to admire or be admired. In fact some of the most sophisticated race-goers depart for the watering places the night before the Grand Prix, ostentatiously and a little disdainfully leaving the biggest day of all to the crowds.

The French derby at Chantilly early in the spring is also smart, mainly because it is attended only by the more select race-goers, being at a distance from Paris. *The Prix du President de la Republique,* at Longchamps, has lustre, too, for it brings out the President and many diplomatic and social luminaries.

If you go to Longchamps, lunch on the way out in the Bois du Boulogne, at d'Armenonville, the Pré-Catalan, or perhaps the Château de Madrid just on the edge of the forest. If the races are at Chantilly, try the Hotel de Grand Cerf in Chantilly for food. If you have a private motor, so much the better. If not, you may take either the special buses that leave from the Grands Boulevards, or the trains from the Gare de l'Est.

At Longchamps, find a seat as near the Jockey Club tribune as possible. The stone seats just under the ladies' tribune are excellent, and the chairs out on the gravel in front are much sought. The tribune itself is reserved for wives and daughters of Jockey Club members and a select few, especially invited by the Club. Our own Helen Wills had such an invitation last year.

Between races, there are two points of interest aside from the betting booths: the paddocks, where

the horses are led about, and the entrance to the ladies' tribune with the space nearby under the big laurel tree, where, sooner or later, everybody who is anybody will come to promenade and gossip.

On a good day, for instance, you might see Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt strolling down to the paddocks to watch the horses, accompanied by Mrs. Charles A. Munn of Philadelphia. Mrs. Vanderbilt probably will be wearing her favorite black and white combination, and Mrs. Munn a tailored suit. At Maison Lafitte, Mrs. Munn maintains one of the biggest racing stables in France. She is a friend of the Prince of Wales and is often seen dancing with him when he is in Paris.

The Comte and Comtesse Roger de Perigny (she was Margaret Thaw) and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Appleton probably will pass down to the paddocks together. Mr. Appleton's stable was started with the money won on a race-track bet. It is large and flourishing now.

Mrs. Ralph Beaver Strassburger of Pennsylvania, another woman race enthusiast, is likely to be with her son who is the youngest veteran racer in Paris. Ralph, Jr., will inherit one of the finest racing stables in France for his father owns vast establishments at Chantilly, and a breeding farm near

Deauville. The Strassburger stable has won some of the biggest money in France and England. The family have private boxes at Chantilly and Deauville.

Mrs. Strassburger will be dressed quietly, perhaps in tweed, and to our mind will be looking far more elegant than many other ladies in quantities of flounces and lace. The flounces and lace, however, are the traditional French racing garments, worn rain or shine. In fact, French women seldom go in for so much fuss and feathers as at the races.

A pretty and distinguished American woman who always dresses in luxurious and perfect taste is Mme. Mathieu Goudchaux, the wife of another owner of big stables. Madame Goudchaux is usually surrounded by French nobility.

Frederick Stearns has had stables many years in France and is influential in racing circles. He and Mrs. Stearns waste little time dallying under the laurel tree but are off immediately to inspect the horses. For the real racing enthusiast, horses are the thing. Clothes and gossip are for the dilettante.

Lady Davis, widow of the late Sir Mortimer Davis, who owns a number of good horses, will be dashingly gowned, usually in a brilliant color. She

is a Kentucky girl, and before her marriage was on the stage.

Mrs. John R. Drexel of Philadelphia likes to sit under the laurel tree. Often she doesn't bother to go into the tribune at all, preferring the human show to the equine one. She is fond of bright colors and for one entire season wore mauve from head to heel.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont are sure to be about if it is the height of the racing season, but probably standing apart from the crowd. Unlike Mrs. Drexel, they find the human show rather boring.

Leonard Replogle, of Pittsburgh steel fame, always goes to the races during his annual visit to France and frequently Mrs. Replogle accompanies him. Mrs. William Randolph Hearst and her friend, Mrs. Clarence E. Jones, are fond of the races and in fact of all Parisian society.

Mrs. E. Berry Wall goes to all the races and, in the pauses, often succeeds in selling a dozen tickets for her Phare de France charity ball for the French War Blind or for the American Women's Club Wednesday Morning Musicales, which under her management have proved the club's most successful undertaking.

Many prominent women never miss a big race. Some are intent on clothes, some on the horses. Among those who go to the races incessantly are dressmaker's scouts, out to watch the signs of the fashionable times. Almost all the new styles appear on mannequins first at Longchamps, Auteuil or one of the other tracks.

Sometimes a new gown will block traffic as everybody cranes forward to look at a daring skirt or bodice. From the sidelines, the creator of the garment or the head of the house from which it comes, watches and listens eagerly, trying to find out what the possible wearers think of it in order to modify it later according to the criticisms overheard.

Paris society is a curious mixture. For years, American climbers with money and no social prospects in New York have crossed the ocean and started over again on the other side. If they succeed in Paris or London, they can sneak in the back door and storm the gates of Newport itself.

There is a strong chance that they may succeed, too, especially in Paris, where the comparatively well-bred, moneyed and entertaining pusher is well treated and perhaps admitted to the inner circle, especially if she has the ability to organize

and will go in heavy for charity. One western American got in by giving charity balls, another adopted a French charity and now practically supports it.

There are impoverished ladies of title willing to sponsor newcomers—at a price, of course—and their titled friends indulgently further the projects. Sometimes, they, too, get a rake-off out of it—so much for dinner at Mrs. Social Climber's and so much more for a week-end.

Well-born foreigners laugh at the idea of social distinctions in America. They regard us all as equally barbarian, but are willing to overlook that if we are amusing.

The fashionable calendar has certain fixed dates. For instance, it is smart to go to the opera on Monday night—late of course—and to sit in a box. Evening dress is *obligatoire* in order to get by the door and this rule holds for Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights also. New operas, if any, are given on these *jours d'abonnement,* that is, subscribers' nights.

Tuesday night is subscribers' night at the Comédie Française and all of smart old-fashioned St. Germain society turns out in its best. For some reason the Opéra Comique is never so smart, per-

haps because it is so popular in summer with tourists who are as likely to come in golf knickers or sports clothes as in full evening dress. It is a gala occasion at the Opéra Comique when some American girl makes her début. Then the entire American colony from the Embassy set to Montparnasse turns up looking very dressy and proud. Tuesday and Thursday afternoons and Saturday evenings are *jours d'abonnement* here.

The big annual art exhibits are society events though frightfully boring. Even artists who are familiar with the various schools of paintings and personally acquainted with individual artists weary of such acres of art—except, of course, when it's their own work.

Varnishing Day at each of the big salons is especially gala. All the exhibiting artists turn up and stand in front of their paintings and sculptures to receive the congratulations of their friends and to hear the outbursts, favorable or otherwise, of the critics. The crush on Varnishing Day and for a week or so afterwards rivals the peak of a New York subway rush. Towards the end of the salon, you can see the pictures in comfort, for the exhibit loses its fashionable lure.

In May the Salon des Beaux-Arts combined with

the Artistes Français opens at the Grand Palais. This is an exhibition of conservative painting and sculpture. The Beaux-Arts is the oldest French society of arts and considered most reactionary and academic by the modernists.

In November, and running until about December 16, is the Salon d'Automne, as terrifyingly vast as the Salon des Beaux-Arts but more popular as it is considered the "advanced" wing of the official exhibitions. The Salon d'Automne looks as Coney Island might if it should go suddenly artistic.

The Grand Palais is sprinkled with tea rooms for the occasion and at three o'clock every afternoon there are a series of stunts—*manifestations* the French call them, related to Music, Literature, the Theatre, the Dance, Cinema and Fashions, an orgy of the Muses. The Exposition Guide contains the program of events.

The Salon des Indépendants which holds an annual show in March is likely to be the most amusing of all, for there is no jury and anybody who can swing a paint brush is free to exhibit. This system is supposed to give individualism a chance but it is interesting to note that each year the artists arrange their nudes in exactly the same position—

one year feet forward, the next year head forward—as though by previous agreement.

The Salon des Tuileries held nowadays in the Palais de Bois at the Porte Maillot is the liveliest and considered by many the most worth while of all the big salons. Younger artists of reputation, among them many Americans who have won favorable attention from the French, exhibit. This salon is less patronized by the entire French *bourgeoisie* than the other shows and more by those truly interested in living art.

The Salon des Humoristes held at 64 bis Rue la Boëtie is one of the most typically French events of the late winter season. Its exhibitors include caricaturists and cartoonists of the illustrated dailies and weekly papers. The pictures, often shocking to Anglo-Saxon sensibilities, are nevertheless always uproariously funny. Late in the afternoon, the crowds are tremendous.

A salon of political cartoons, held during the winter months, is also worth a visit by students of contemporary history. The French are at their best when rapiering the foibles of politicians and potentates pictorially for the press.

Capital S society dines and dances at the Ritz on Sunday night in full dress. In summer *galas* at

the Bois restaurants, announced in advance in the *Herald* and Chicago *Tribune*, are chic and at the Château Madrid, in particular, so beautiful that it hurts.

At the Palais de Glace, near the Rond Point Champs-Elysées, there is an afternoon *fête* each winter when all the big dressmaking houses send mannequins exhibiting sports clothes for St. Moritz and other winter resorts. Society watches this parade of winter fashions and drinks tea from the side lines.

It also goes to the extraordinary Parisian Nights Entertainments provided by the Six Days' Cycle Race at the Velodrome d'Hiver, where cyclists whirl about like those mice that chase their own tails. The rich onlookers offer prizes to the competitors, and when they are not generous enough the people scold violently, hurling epithets.

Other society events are the Concours Agricole, the Horse Show, the Dog Show, the Flower Show, Polo at Bagatelle, the Toy Show, the Automobile Show, the Chrysanthemum Show, the Aviation Show and twice a year, the dressmaker openings. This is *la couture's* treat for the press, many houses giving beautiful formal parties with champagne, soft music and all the trimmings.

The war in its more social phases is responsible for the Union Interalliée, 33 Faubourg St. Honoré, and a more successful outgrowth of a disaster could scarcely be imagined than this organization originally for Allied officers of all nations. Honorary members include the kings and queens of Europe and the presidents of republics and their wives. The late Marshal Foch was chairman of the first executive committee and Madame Foch of the ladies' committee.

If you have a drag with the embassy or a member it is worth while getting a courtesy card so that you can at least go there for tea during a sojourn in Paris. Dances are also held regularly and attended by all the smart Americans in Paris. The sensible girl will cultivate any young American, Frenchman or Englishman in Paris who may possibly invite her to one of these affairs.

The house with its garden, one of the most charming in Paris, was formerly the property of the Baron and Baronne Henri de Rothschild. In 1917 they offered part of it as a club where French officers might invite Allied officers to dine—and for unofficial military conferences. Later, in 1920, when the Baron and his wife moved into a new mansion, the house at 33 Faubourg St. Honoré and

its grounds were bought outright as a permanent club where foreign notables might meet representative French personalities in the interests of international peace.

The Bienvenue Française, with headquarters at 33 Faubourg St. Honoré and presided over by Madame Boas de Jouvenel, also helps distinguished visitors to crash the social gates of Paris—not so very difficult a procedure, after all.

We Do Our Duty

IT really ought to be a great shock to authors to realize that they've reached the last chapter of a book on Paris and still haven't mentioned the Eiffel Tower or even the Louvre (except perhaps a department store of that name!). But it wasn't a shock to us. We planned it so.

The inspiring Notre Dame, that delicately lovely jewel of a Sainte-Chapelle, Napoleon's Tomb, the thrillingly interesting displays of the Cluny Museum—these and a dozen more you undoubtedly must see in Paris—but we have figured that any one of several score guide books can tell you more about how to do it than we can.

The only chance we have to prove ourselves unique is to make sight-seeing as easy as possible for you by warning you what not to do. And that is precisely what we propose.

We were the conscientious type of tourist ourselves—the kind the funny men draw with furled umbrellas, hats riding on top of the head, and eyes

so intent on guide books that a murder wouldn't divert them unless it were listed.

We speak from the heart when we say that it's unfortunate if you're like that because you'll be a wreck after the first four days. And as for remembering what you see—well, be sure to get a lot of postcards. They *may* remind you though they didn't us.

But first, let's go back a bit. This swan song of ours is to be a heart-to-heart with our reader, provided she has come so far. And though a charming young woman who is overseeing the publication of this book practically forbade us to do it, we're going to tell that faithful reader what to take to Europe and what to leave at home. Yes, we are going back all that way and try to sneak this—to us—so valuable information in right here. That's because we feel violently about the baggage we brought on our very first flying trip—trunks, six hats (we had 'em, so why not?), three coats! And the things we didn't bring enough of—tooth paste, shoes, stockings! Why on earth should we permit you for whom we've conceived a real affection to make our mistakes? We shan't!

So let's get on with it. First off, for the trip of six weeks or less leave all trunks at home and take

only bags. In any department store, you can buy large and comparatively light suitcases which allow the dresses to be laid out in order.

And now that hats are small and crushable, you can easily avoid the large hat-box which simply doesn't fit into the continental train. Some women cross with one trunk into which they put all their boat clothes after landing. Then they send the trunk to the point from which they will sail and never see it again until the day of departure.

Certainly, if you intend to do much quick travelling, a trunk tagging along is a nuisance because you must often wait as much as a day for it to catch up with you. However, if you feel you cannot possibly do without it, take it, tip station-masters lavishly and trust that your guardian angel will be on the job.

If you decide on hand luggage, take several small easily-lifted pieces rather than two large ones, for there are many changes of train, porters are not always on hand and French gallantry is not invariably to be relied on.

If you take bags, the amount of clothes necessarily will be limited and that is as it should be. Most women take altogether too much and regret it.

Do not, however, stint yourself on medium-priced stockings for daytime and ordinary wear. Take all you will need for your stay, counting on a high percentage of runs. Only the finest and most expensive French stockings are worth buying. The medium quality stockings cost twice as much as the same thing in America and are likely to burst into rips at the first wearing. Americans living in Paris have more trouble with stockings than anything else and usually try to have them sent from America.

Shoes, too, should be bought in America. Apparently, the American foot, male and female, has little in common with either the French or English foot. Do not allow the charming appearance of French shoes to tempt you. They are nearly always of shoddy material, they throw all your weight on the balls of your feet and give you corns and bunions. Some American shoes can now be bought in Paris but sometimes they cost a good deal more than they would at home on account of the duty and may not be your own brand. This your feet will resent with painful results. French evening slippers are fascinating and you won't be able to resist them. But since they needn't fit per-

fectly nor wear like the Rock of Gibraltar, you may indulge yourself there.

The English or American type of travelling coat is better than anything you can find in Paris and much warmer for the French won't line a coat adequately. They think that a heavy lining spoils the effect and to them effect is more important than comfort.

There is a diversity of opinion about French gloves. Certainly they are attractive and while in general American and English gloves are more durable, we should certainly advise leaving room to buy a few pairs of French ones for the sake of the pleasure they will give you.

If you wear jersey silk underwear, take an ample supply, for it is difficult to get, in spite of all the delightful hand-made underwear displayed everywhere.

Beautiful corsets, made to your measure, may be had in Paris but if you like the corselette, take a supply. The French one is like nothing you've ever seen. If you wear garters, take along enough for your stay. French rubber is an abomination though they make it up most decoratively with feathers, paint and ribbon. Which reminds us, take along rubbers or overshoes for rainy days, and

a raincoat. The Paris raincoat has great chic but no stamina.

Pack plenty of your favorite tooth paste and mouth wash. They can be bought in Paris but at what a price! However, do not load up your bags with perfumes, powders, creams and soaps for Paris has them all, and cheaper and more delightfully perfumed than at home. And don't take along electric irons or curlers. The American kind will not connect up with the French lights. Besides, valet service and coiffeurs are cheap and good in Paris.

Above all, be sure to go into executive session with your dentist before you sail. There are American dentists in Paris but their prices are exorbitant and the less said about the sanitary measures of the French, the better.

It is well to have your doctor give you a thorough going over, too. And then you will be all ready to sail! Or would be, if only we knew a sure cure for seasickness, which we don't and never expect to find! Every cure we've ever tried has only made us sicker.

The French National Tourist Bureau has made a series of weekly budgets for Paris tours, beginning with 525 *francs* and working up to 941. Here are

the items, but since prices change from time to time, it is a good idea to get the Bureau's latest budget at the time you need it.

Hotels and meals	70 *francs* per day
Touring Paris	15 *francs*
Two evenings at theatre	40 *francs*
Trip to Versailles with carriage ride	60 *francs*
Tips	10% of sum total
Taxi to and from station	15 *francs*
Auto tour first day to get bearings	30 *francs*
Museum fees	2 *francs* a day

The French Tourist Bureau also is responsible for the statement that in one single year tourists spent $202,500,000 in France!

We recommend a general automobile bus tour of the city such as that offered by the American Express for the first day of sightseeing. This is for a bird's-eye view, and gives a general idea of where everything is located. If you prefer and can afford it, you may make this trip in a taxi with a courier or shopper, taking in the Bois and Longchamps—the circle as it's called.

Several clever Americans we know charter taxicabs every morning and keep them all day. The

cost is surprisingly small, perhaps six dollars for a day of shopping and fittings. What a comfort it is to find old faithful waiting when you come out from a tiresome try-on into a drizzle or into a world where all the taxicabs except yours have turned lunchwards.

Here are the chief rules governing taxi-drivers in Paris: every taxi with the hand over the meter raised and not covered by a glove upon which is marked a specific direction is bound under French law to accept passengers for any destination within the gates of Paris. Within the gates of Paris he may not charge you more than the rate specified on the meter but for destinations in the French suburbs he may make special rates. Usually this is understood to be double the fare for any distance beyond the gates. You must pay his return fare to the gates even if you are only going to one of the race tracks, such as Longchamps. There is an extra charge for taxis hired after 10:30 P.M. or before 6 A.M.

The glove covering the hand can only be used between 12:00 and 1:30 P.M. and from 7:00 to 8:30 and after 10:00 P.M. when the taxi is returning home or to a garage.

If a driver asks a fee for a short haul which you

know well enough to be exorbitant, don't argue. Simply ask to be conducted to the nearest *commissariat de police*. This is never more than a few minutes away and there the matter will be arbitrated. If the driver demurs at taking you to your destination, ask to be taken to the nearest policeman. However, don't waste your voice if no policeman is nearby, for idlers will be attracted by a quarrel between a driver and his fare and the crowd usually will take the driver's part.

If you want to take over your own car, the French line will transport it to France for you for about $200 one way, $340 round trip. This sum includes licenses, fees for loading and unloading on departure and arrival—in fact everything except marine insurance, taxes and a small guarantee demanded by the customs. The French Line will also arrange for the Touring Club of France to supply the car owner with a customs pass booklet good for ten countries on the continent.

Eight hundred Americans—two hundred of them women—took their cars over last year and seven hundred brought them back again. The system is said to be more satisfactory than buying a car abroad and then selling it, because you are used to driving your own car, and to buy the same

make abroad is expensive. Besides, even on foreign cars bought inexpensively, you lose more when you come to sell than the cost of transporting your own.

If you decide to rent a car in Paris, shop around among the various car-renting agencies. The *concierge* at any hotel usually has several candidates and all tourist bureaus can supply them but compare prices and if possible have a look at the equipage before taking on a car for a week. Among bureaus with motor cars for hire are the Elysées Travel Service, 15 Rue de la Paix; Palais de l'Automobile, 212-218 Boulevard Pereire; Bondis and Co., 45 Avenue de la Grande Armée; Auto-Confort Touring, 4 Place Vendôme; and the American Service-Exprinter, 2 Rue Scribe with Rolls-Royce cars for hire.

Some of these advertise themselves as renting cars with American or English chauffeurs but this is no particular advantage. A really good French chauffeur, reckless though taxi-drivers may seem to the uninitiated, is as good as the best. French cars with chauffeurs cost as little as six dollars a day for voyaging about Paris—more of course for country driving.

You may also rent cars to drive yourself by pay-

ing a fat deposit and getting a temporary license. This is a nuisance unless you want a car to use regularly. Tourist bureaus will help with such red tape.

Most of Seeing Paris by Night Tours are on a par with seeing Chinatown by Night in New York—arranged for suckers but a lark if you care for that kind of thing. Practically all take in the Moulin Rouge and Bal Tabarin, which are cheap places but put on a good cabaret show and are nearer the American's idea of wicked Paris than most places that a woman travelling alone gets a chance to visit.

Because American tourists finally have become convinced that the bloodthirsty Parisian apaches portrayed on stage and screen no longer exist in real life, most of the professional guides have abandoned the practice of hiring gentle café hangers-on to impersonate the desperadoes.

However, one enterprising American guide employed by a travel bureau to show Paris night life to tourists has just discovered a happy and equally thrilling substitute for the discarded excursions to the dens of the apaches. His name is George Drysdale and he offers privately arranged visits to the studios of distinguished sculptors and painters.

Drysdale's prospectus says: "This is in no sense

a tour of the underworld or night life of Paris, but gives a true picture of the artist's life in Montmartre and the Latin Quarter. It affords an opportunity to see how they work and how they amuse themselves in moments of recreation. There is absolutely no bunk or faking. Genuine artists who have been varyingly successful as well as students still attending the Academie des Beaux-Arts are visited.

"Parties of no more than five persons, preferably already mutually acquainted, are conducted throughout Montmartre and Montparnasse by a widely known portrait painter. Studios where living models are posing for seriously working artists are first visited. Then the cellars and clubs to which the artists and students resort during their hours of relaxation to enjoy programs of music, singing and recitations are shown."

Finally the excursion progresses to the slumming stage and a municipal lodging house where the most unfortunate artists can get a bed for a few *sous*.

We haven't tried this tour, but the idea of it terrifies us. Next thing you know, they'll be touring the garrets of struggling writers, and there we'll probably be, one of the side shows of Paris!

Our favorite museum is the Cluny. It is the real

feminine curiosity shop of Paris. There you will find the hope chests of forgotten French queens, cruel corsets of the sixteenth century, the first plates and forks known to history, and incredibly lovely tapestries that entire Flemish families spent patient lifetimes in making.

We have gone back again and again to moon over the cases that contain webby lace collars and cuffs taken from a lady's tomb, cloth embroidered by queens with delightful names such as Matilda and Edith and delicate nets concocted by nuns in their quiet convents.

This is the most important suggestion we have to offer about sightseeing—get a good guide book and pick out a few of the things you have always dreamed of seeing. Then make a leisurely schedule, allowing all the time you can for each place, cutting down on the number of places rather than on the time if you can't make them come out even.

You will not see everything that way, but you will enjoy what you do see, and what is more important, have the memory of it to take out and look at when you are lonely or discouraged.

Also, you will avoid aching feet, a bewildered brain and that harassed expression so commonly seen at the American Express.

By the way, under miscellaneous hints, we should like to put the advice that you have mail sent to your bank rather than to the American Express. You will get it with far less crowding and far more comfort. But call at the American Express anyway occasionally, for when people don't know where to reach you, they invariably try there.

Another thing, if you speak smashed-up French, with many stutterings and ahs between words, find out whether your saleswoman or waiter speaks English before you try expressing yourself in French. A waiter at the Café de la Paix who spoke perfect English told us once that the greatest cross he had to bear during the tourist season was waiting interminably while visiting school teachers looked up the French for strawberry parfait in their dictionaries. He used to give them four minutes by the clock; then if they were still searching and ahing he would say: "Madame, will you please give me your order in the English?" Naturally his tips always diminished to the vanishing point as a result, but he said he couldn't help it.

We have some favorite places in Paris that the tourist never sees. Nobody, for instance, ever ventures on the boulevards below the Paramount which

marks the tombstone of the old Théâtre Vaudeville, the most popular theatre in Paris for years. Yet if you want to get the flavor of the old Paris of the days of Berlioz, a tour of the lower boulevards is of archeological and human interest.

The historically minded person is bound to enjoy also a visit to the Taverne de Namur around the corner from the Théâtre Porte Saint Martin on the Boulevard Strasbourg and the Boulevard St. Denis. Not too affluent brokers and their girls come to this Maxim's of the 19th century for the excellent *cuisine* or to sit on the terrace near the row of shabby trees to hear a really excellent orchestra play the waltzes of a generation ago.

Among the old theatres in this section still very much alive in spite of their dead leaf exteriors is the old Gymnase, directed by Henri Bernstein, one of France's greatest playwrights and a dazzling place still on the night of *répétition générale*.

Our favorite church is the lovely Sainte-Chapelle. You do not go there to sightsee but to rest and dream and pray. Somebody has called it a visible poem and the description fits it well. Every niche of the wall is delicately illuminated like a missal and the windows are full of pictorial compositions.

We Do Our Duty

High Mass at Notre Dame, a few favorite pictures in the Louvre, trips to Versailles, Fontainebleau and the battlefields—all these we have enjoyed from time to time but always in leisurely fashion, realizing that there would be tomorrow, even though it should prove to be sailing day.

You probably won't heed us, and will try to take Paris at a gulp just as everybody else does. But we, anyway, have seen our duty and have done it.

THE END

The MAY Company

DAYS IN THE SUN

By

Martin Andersen Nexö

THE author of PELLE THE CONQUEROR writes of Spain as no one else has ever written. With all the nostalgia of a traveller from a northern land, he entered the Spanish peninsula by the golden gateway of Andalusia, and there found a land which nourished him, and a sun that he too might worship. Published in many editions in Scandinavia and Germany, DAYS IN THE SUN is already a classic travel book. It is a revelation of the Spanish spirit, and a recreation of the vitality of Latin peasants, and the city life of Malaga, Cadiz, Seville, Cordova, Loja, Ronda, and Guadix. It communicates the experiences of a traveller whose gusto and whose knowledge of what men live by in his own civilization make him a wise lover and stimulating critic of another land.

$3.00

COWARD-McCANN BOOKS

UNDERSTANDING INDIA — $3.50

By GERTRUDE MARVIN WILLIAMS

With map, illustrations and decorations.

The author after a careful historical study, travelled all over India alone, seldom employing servants. She visited Indian families, stopped in Native hotels, making her observations without bias and without sentimentality, and also without horror. A very readable and interesting book.

CHINA'S MILLIONS — $4.00

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

BOOK I MASS REVOLT IN CENTRAL CHINA
BOOK II THE TRAIL ACROSS CHINA'S NORTHWEST

Fully illustrated.

A graphic account by a well known writer of a journey across the interior of China from Hunan to Mongolia during the fighting in 1927.

DAYS IN THE SUN — $3.00

By MARTIN ANDERSEN NEXO

With frontispiece.

Published in many editions in Scandinavia and Germany, DAYS IN THE SUN is already a classic travel book. The author of PELLE, THE CONQUEROR writes of Spain as no one else has ever written.

HOME LIFE IN HISTORY — $4.00

By JOHN GLOAG AND C. THOMPSON WALKER

With 16 *illustrations.*

What home was like to early Britons, Celts, Danes, Saxons and Normans. Interesting reading and invaluable to students and historians.

WANDERERS — $4.00

By MRS. HENRY CUST

Episodes from the travels of Lady Stuart-Wortley and her daughter Victoria, 1849-1855. A skilful compilation from the diary of an intrepid traveller about South and Central America and the United States.